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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

whereof we are glad.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, John 6: 28-40. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." These words of Jesus have helped numberless souls into the light and neipea numberiess souis into the light and liberty of Salvation. Resting their faith on this glorious promise, even the vilest sinners have ventured to the Saviour's feet, received His free forgiveness, and gone forth to "sin no more".

"Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace! When in Thy word we trust, Our faith receives a righteousness That makes the sinner just."

Monday, John 6: 41-59. "I am the living bread." The Saviour did not compare Himself to a luxury, something which wealth alone could secure, but to bread, a simple necessity which all must have to sustain life. Bread, all must have to sustain life. Bread, too, is suitable for everyone, rich and poor, young and old, something for which we never outgrow our need. The Saviour wants to be to our souls what bread is to our bodies—daily food for daily need.

Tuesday, John 6: 60-71. "Will ye also go away?" How sad the Saviour must have felt when He saw these "Will ve

must have felt when he saw these diseiples, one after another, turn back from following Him. Let us determine that He shall never grieve thus on our account. To forsake the companionship of Jesus is to turn from light to darkness, from Heaven to Hell.

Wednesday, John Wednesday, John 7: 1-13. "Neither did His brethren believe in Him." So Jesus was misun-derstood even by His nearest and dearest, but He went on with His ministry just the same. If those in your home are against you be-cause of your re-ligion. remember cause of your religion. remember
the Son of God
understands your
position, and will
give you love beyond that witheld by earthly friends. His presence can soothe and comfort

soothe and comfort and help vot to return good for evil. Stumbled over the harbour edge on to the low-tide Thursday. John 7:14-27. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know." (R.V.). If you are troubled with doubts, set yourself to do God's will as far as you know it saying, "In His strength I will do this." Then little by little the way will be opened before you, and doubts, like clouds, will clear away, and the light will shine. The set of the control of th

like clouds, will clear away, and the light will shine.

Friday, John 7: 28-39. "I know Him

... and He hath sent Me." The Saviour had practically the whole of the religious and political world against Him, and most of His followers were poor, ignorant people. Yet He was strong because Hc knew God, His Father, and believed in His commission. We, too, shall be strong to work for God, in our little corner if, like Jesus, we can truly ay, "I know Him."

Saturday, John 7: 40-53. "Never man spake like this man." The words of Jesus help and comfort men today even as they did His first hearers, because there is a living power in them—the Breath of God Himself. This is whey speak to us at every time and in every they speak to us at every time and in every

Breath of God Himsell. This is when they speak to us at every time and in every circumstance of life. They are not merely beautiful thoughts, but living and life giving truths, direct from the mind and heart of the eternal Son of God.

A "Drive" Sermon

A "Ulive" Sermon

An old local preacher selected for his text, "Jesus sent the devils out of the man, and they entered into the swine. And the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked." This was how he devided his subject: Firstly, when the devil can't drive men, he will drive pigs. Secondly, when the devil drives, he drives furiously. And, lastly, when the devil drives, he drives to a bad market.

A Stirring Salvation Story in Two Parts



Dad listened in silence for the most part, just an explanation there, and a smile here, a word or a question, and at the end he understood it all—and cared. Fred knew it, too, and in his heart he felt he could almost try a seventeenth venture now that somebody knew his story; and Dad's pat on the back, and "God will help you" stayed with him all that day, and as he came up to the Hall at night he felt not quite so lonely as he had done before, and not quite so timid about looking people in the face.

Dad Happy was in his accustomed seat, at the side of the usual week-night square of forms, and Fred was just inside the Hall, that is, down by the big curtain which was used to lessen the big Hall's spaciousness on week-nights.

spaciousness on week-nights.

Brother Harsh's sniff did not hurt quite as much as usual, and Bandsman Hope did not swing past quite as indifferently as on other occasions; at least, that was how it appeared to Fred; but, perhaps, that was because Dad Happy had given him a nod as he passed, and asked him to come a "few seats nearer," and was smilling at him now from his place at the front.

Whatever it may have been, it was, at least Fred felt it so, that smiling old face that encouraged him again at the end of the Meeting, and in spite of the hardly-veiled disgust of some of the congregation, and the half-uttered sigh of the Captain, he knelt again at the old Form, and that for the secenteenth

time.

They did not trouble to go through the formality of taking his name and address; but, somehow or other, he had a feeling, more strong than ever he had known it before, that his name was written down somewhere, and old Dad's fresh hand-shake seemed to confirm it.

Nobody else spoke to him: the Captain Nobody else spoke to him; the Captain turned away to speak to the Treasurer; the Sergt.-Major was already getting ready to go, and Fanny Castle, the hall-keeper with the sharp tongue but kindly soul, was turning out the lights; and though he gave them all a chance to speak, and they did not take it, he did not feel so much alone this time.

God and Fred were at last united, and ad was going to see to his share in the

Fred felt almost afraid to venture out the next morning, but at last he managed it; and although his mother had stormed, and his father had sworn, he did thank

God that, so far, he hadn't "broke it."
he taunts of his mates were just as
severe, their petty cruelties just as galling,
but still Fred smiled on, and, later on in
the day, when he met Dad Happy down
by the harbour wall, he was still victorious.
And so the happy months slipped by—

And so the happy months stipped by-sometimes just a wee shade less cheerful than at others—but Fred and Dad were on their metal, and if Fred felt he was gaining ground, Dad felt he was no less responsible for keeping him going. He alone of all the Soldiers knew of

the struggles that went on, and it was only to him that Fred told of the bitter only to him that Free total of the bitter persecution at home and at sea. Of the nights of long agony in the fishing-boat full of godless mates, of the night when they threw him half overboard, of the

they threw him half overboard, of the time when they forced the rum between his teeth, and of Fred's fear that this last might mean the breaking of his "Articles of War."

If Dad felt a little bit of proprietorship on the night when Fred was sworn-in, well, it was excusable. Even Brother Harsh forgot to grumble that night, and Sergt.-Major Old rubbed his hands gleefully, and did a happier skip than usual while Treasurer Steady littled his eyebrows in his pleasantest manner as he remarked that "Fred Milton was turning out right after all!"

His share of the victory

But Dad Happy knew more about it But Dad Happy knew more about it than any of them; and how he thanked God for his share of the victory. And if the Locals bubbled over, what about Fred? Ah, he could not keep back the tears as he thought of God's goodness to him, and remembered, that, after all, he wasn't quite a "jelly-fish."

And, then, the end. The same old harbour-side, and the same jeering, persecuting mates, and Fred walking along by the edge of the ouas.

by the edge of the quay.

No thought of greater danger than usual; but just as he was about to step usual; but just as he was about to step over a rope which lay across the quay, one of those persecuting mates, seeing a chance for a little "fun", pulled it taut, and—Fred stumbled over the harbour edge, down on the low-tide mud and stones below, knocking his poor head against the side as he fell.

Friendly hands were soon on the spot, conscience-stricken mates helped to carry conscience-stricken mates helped to carry him hurriedly to the hospital. Somebody ran to tell the Captain, and he, in turn, hurried to tell Dad—for everybody recognised his guardianship—and together they hurried off, only to be told that nobody could then see the stricken lad.

That was on Friday afternoon, and on That was on Friday alternoon, and on the following Sunday, just a glorious sungilded summer evening, a message came from the hospital, and leaving the Open-Air Meeting (down at the same harbour side, and surrounded by a crowd of summer visitors), the Captain and Dad Happy sped off to the place where Fred was dving. dying.

was dying.

They knelt by the side of the bed and gazed at the poor marred face, the cruelly bandaged head, and waited for just one look of recognition, but none came. Then, despite the remonstrances of the attendant nurse, Dad took the poor, almost lifeless hand in his, and lovingly smoothed and caressed it. He'd give a lot for a word from his boy now.

Semething caused Feed to open his

Something caused Fred to open his eyes, and give one smile at the old man, who, unable to restrain himself longer, said:

Well, Fred, my boy, and is it all right And the faithful old soldier had a good share of his reward, as in laboured, broken utterances came the words:

"Yes, Dad—seventeen times and then sitelys"

The Captain kneeling on the other side of the bed scarcely understood what it meant, he was not the man who formerly reproved Fred for his "jelly-fish" tendencies, and so he could not enter

The Golden Prairie

By Irene Armstron:

Golden sheaves of golden min, Golden tints on hill and train, Golden tassels on the com Golden hush when day :

Golden daisies by the Golden sunflowers, gent and Golden flower like but and Golden petals curling to the Golden petals curli · vav

Golden warhlers, golden. Trilling softly, all day ! Golden leaves on vines :: ! Rustle, rustle, in the leaves

Then, when night fold Golden sunsets in the Wat

Golden glory over all.
On the prairie in the Fall.

(Western Home Monthly)

The Everlasting Hills

ONE day as I stood surrounded by tremendous mountain peaks, conscious of a Divine Presence that appalled me by its might and magnificence, I to me by its might and macninecore, I to the everlasting hills lifted up mine eyes, and uttered a message of thankfulness out of the fullness of my being. I here confess that I thanked God because I had been spared to gaze upon so fair a scene, and that the towering hills proclaimed His greatness in the same way as the tiny

His greatness in the same way as the timy dewdrops that glisten on the spider's filmy web at dawn, or the rare rich sheen upon the dragonly's gauzy wing.

It seemed to me, as I stord spellbound in that mountain fastness that I was alone with Nature, and that I had met Nature's God face to face. I was no longer a pilgrim in an uninviting land, a lonely wanderer in the barren wilderness. I seemed to hear a voice whispering to me the great secret, and as I opened my eyes I seemed to see a compelling vision.

And then, as I awoke from my recrie, I found standing close beside me a sturdy I found standing close beside me a sturdy

I found standing close beside me a sturdy I found standing close beside me a sturry myn of the mountains, uncouth in appearance, but with a heart of gold. He apologised for his intrusion and coming upon me so suddenly, and then said without further introduction:
"You were praying, sir: It is enough to make anybody pray."

"Let this Mind be in You"

WE have not to copy the mind of Christ. We have the mind of

VV Christ. We have the mind of Christ. We have possession of Christ. Then are we to lie passive and plastic so that the Lord puts Ihs mould and impress on our life? That might be delightful, but it is not the way God works. There is nothing that lift not the way for the burden of responsibility and the you the burden of responsibility and the

you the burden of responsibility and the discipline of co-operation. The heavens belong unto the Lord, but the earth He hath given unto the children of men. You have to do your share. You don't become any better by fidgeting and worrying about yourself. You don't find a gardener schaffening the soil to see what is coming up. You can't be soil to see what is coming up. help flowers to grow by tugeing at them. They grow because of the hie that is in them. We grow by abiding in a syalty and patience in Him who is our has.

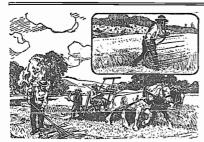
or when a into the joy of the old saint. few moments later the Spa which is also the Spirit of Life, came for Fred, even knew that all was well. orlasting Captain

h, years tell all meant nite all

Happy

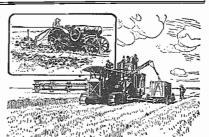
in the

When I first wrote this surand years ago, I then said almost the only one who that those last triumphant and, perhaps, he won't knuttle he and Fred meet glory of the Eternal Morai Well, they have met now, has gone to his reward, and the other Local Officers meet tale. But if any other "jelly read these lines, let him for may be her! take heart, and remember that "Sevently-thina holds true, and even in his don't a full and complete "Victory". pe and



TIME OF HARVEST

"In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."-Matthew 13: 30.



AN ABUNDANT HARVEST

Read these stories of the abundant returns Roug these softes of the dollham relitins God gives to his faithful servants, and then pray that you may be stirred to like joyful service, and "Your reward shall be exceed-ing great."

THE Officer who was responsible for The Army Meeting in that tomb-like prison hall looked out over his conlike prison hall looked out over his congregation of sullen-faced men. They rose to ling at his request, and joined in the familiar words of the old hymn, but there was little lift in their effort. They sat in brooding quiet as he told them of his own Salvation, and of God's similarly abundant mercies towards them. He came away feeling that his journeyings and pleadings had been in vain.

"Sir, can I have a word with you, to tnank you for your words of cheer and encouragement one Sunday morning when I was in — Jail? I had never thought that a nan could make a real new start in life until I listened to you that day."

The words were said furtively across the clede of the City Office of an important the words were said univery across the desk of the City Offices of an important firm; said so that the others near by might not hear them, but The Army Officer knew in that moment something of the harvest of the Lord.

11

She was the veriest "Tight Handful", and a trial beyond words to the patient Superintendent and Officers of The Army institution, the name of which need not be mentioned. Used to a life of wild liberty, and pursuits of a fiercely vicious character; cut off from the dope which lad supplied her with fictitious strength for those escapades which had brought for those escapades which had brought her within the care of The Army, at times she was a youthful fiend. The first few she was a youthful fiend. The first few months of her detention were an agony to all concerned.

"Where is Commandant — now? Can you tell me? If ever there is a saint walking about this world, she is one. The patience of her, and the beautiful prayers she used to put up. I'm a good comm to day hecutes of her." And menian to-day hecause of her. Anather The Army woman who had been making a few purchases in the big Departmental store, and was waiting for her parcel to be put up, registered a vow to write to the afore mentioned Commandant, and tell her that her days of vineyard toiling lad not been in vain.

111

It was a cold, cold night—"twenty below" if a single degree, and The Army Utificer was tempted to call himself a soil for attempting an Open-Air Meeting is such weather. The few passers-by clio were not fortunate enough to own an automobile, or to possess car-tickets, carried past with sarcastic grins on their farried past with sarcistic grins on their Lees, and the suggestion that the Adjut-ant stood there "for a collection." The colly collection he could see were two nen shivering and stamping about under the eaves of a near-by store, and soon even they shifted, so he too moved on.

The same Adjutant was on furlough to years later, and taking a "busman's lohday" at his old Corps, and called for stimonies. "You don't remember me," so harrassing directness, "but I remember a succeeding the street Meeting you were conducting one colored and much-old night at Market Street, and it was can semething you said then that made me think I ought to be doing better for myself. I went off and got a job that I surely dated back had turned down half-an-hour before, and

The Parable of the Three Wasteful

NCE upon a time, so says Solomon, there was a man who went out hunting, and spent the whole of the day in the toils and heat of the chase, and returned home in the evening well laden with spoil. So tired was he, or shall we say, so lazy—"slothful" Solomon calls him—that instead of roasting his gains, and thus pro-viding himself with necessary sustenance, he threw them down by his cottage door, and allowed them to become putrid and wasted.

Solomon puts the story in fewer words, but no less graphically: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

There was once a farmer who had care fully tilled and sown his fields, and watched with much concern the growth of the blade right unto the ear; he had called together his farm hands and made a splendid reaping; he had laden his wagons splendid reaping; he had faden his wagons with the precious spoil; but, as he took his homeward way to the waiting barns, he passed by the dangerous corner, which he had again and again overlooked, when he might have spent some of his less busy days in mending that fence and safeguarding that part of the road.

He trudged by the side of his wagon, calculating the gains which would come to him as a result of the harvest, and he

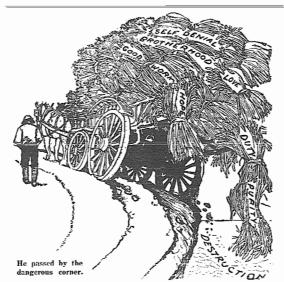
never appeared to know that one by one his golden sheaves were dropping from his load, and the neglected fence was likely to prove his ruin.

Solomon tells the tale in his own style, but with no less force: "The slothful shall be under tribute."

There was once a man—or was it a woman—who had been given the care of the people, both for their social and their spiritual good. He had been told to preach the word at the street corners, and he did so. He had been told to bring and he did so. the wayward back to the Father's house, and he endeavoured to do so. He was and he endeavoured to do so. He was so busy in these undertakings, so concerned about the welfare of others, so taken up in the important issues of the outer world; so busy in the politics of the Church—or was it of The Army—that he quite forgot his own needs. And one day he woise up to find that others had gone forward to the Harvest Home while he had been left behind.

Solomon told the story of this man also, and all the more concisely, perhaps, be-cause he recognised he was giving his own experience: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards: but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Which things are parables and also actual facts.-



then I got saved, and here I am." It was small wonder that the Officer thought of the Bible word which speaks about "snow in harvest."

ΙV

She was one of the queerest oddities we have ever seen in Army garb. Grey we have ever seen in Army garb. Grey suede shoes; white stockings; a violet-colored and much-creased skirt; a brown coat which strained at its waist button; a black and much-worn fur collar around the neck; and an Army bonnet which surely dated back to the Opening-of-the-Klondyke days. We had asked for

THE SONG OF THE HARVESTER

By William R. Read, Winnipeg

ESTERDAY was stormy, but today all nature is rejoicing in God's bounty; a bright sunshine is cheering our spirits and we are welcoming the harvest

labourers who are pouring into the city to be re-ticketed for points on the prairie. For days past the grain has been bowing its head ready for the cutting, and here and there some is already cut and standing

and there some is already cut and standing in the stook—waiting for the loading and the threshing.

We hear the hum and throb of the threshing machines today, sounding across uncounted miles of grain; we hear their echoes rebounding from the mountains, and re-echoing again across hillock and prairie, over stream and woodland; and the song of the threshers rises and

It has started at early dawn, almost before the break of day, and while the mists of morning lay heavy on the land. It has continued through the later hours, until the growing heat of the climbing sun has dried the dew, and given the final touch to the ripening fields.

The song has gone on through the try-

ing hours of mid-afternoon, when even the strongest feel the heat and strain of the

ing hours of mid-afternoon, when even the strongest feel the heat and strain of the hard day. It pursues its musical monone right into the evening, until the stars seem to vibrate to its melody. Even then, while the slanting rays of the sun have touched the scene as with kisses of radiant gold, even then scarce does the thresher pause, for every moment of these glorious days is precious. But now dark has set in, until slowly the soft harvest moon rises over the horizon fringe, and sheds her peaceful glimmer across the eupptying fields, making the gaunt elevator a tower of plenty and prosperity. The glitter of the Queen of the Night is on the steel rails of the railroad, which stretch for miles and milles across the spaces of the World's Granary, making them to appear as the bright and shining way which leadeth to the footstool of the Giver of all Good.

For a few brief hours the toilers relax, and seech the sleep which is the Master's

and seek the sleep which is the Master's healing balm and stimulus to the world's harvesters; giving courage for many another day of toil and strain.

Days of toil, maybe, but a toil whose results shall feed countless millions of results shall feed countless millions of God's family scattered abroad over His world. Did IIe not say in the words of one of His earliest promises: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest ... shall not cease." And does He not fulfil His promised word?

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea. To Thee all praise and glory be;
Who would not give himself to Thee,
Who girest all?

and did she not also, with us, know His Redeeming Grace?

A few mornings later we were in a crowded Citadel in a busy Western City. The songs and music of the conrades had The songs and music of the confidence in filled the air; testimonies were rife, and filled the air; testimonies with us. There testimonies, and she rose to give her own words in her native tongue. We did not understand an item of what she was saying, until, with tears running down her old furrowed cheeks, she started to sing:

"Come into my heart Lord Jesus, Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come into my heart Lord Jesus,"

And then we blessed her in the Name of the Lord, for did she not belong to our own glorious Army, and was she not called the air, testimonies were rife, and the spirit of the Lord was with us. There rose to say a few words one of our Army saints. Said she, "I still miss him; it's better Land; sometimes I am very lonely ache to sing:

"Come into my heart Lord Jesus,"

And then we blessed her in the Name of the Lord, for did she not belong to our own glorious Army, and was she not such who had spent himself of the Native people, and we said to our own glorious Army, and was she not salveyes." And they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them,"



I halted him just as he was about to leave

I was a young Lieutenant at the time, and full of youthful zeal in the cause—not more so than I am now. I hope—and the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his actual to the Mactual Earnshaw in his actual Earnshaw in his act not more so than I am now, I hope—and the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his accustomed place in one of the back seats, under the gallery; filled me with something akin to woeful awe.

The night was terrifically hot, and the Hall was crowded far beyond its usual capacity for the Harvest Festival service. The Meeting had been full of thrills and of the Holy Spirit's influence. I remem-ber I had been especially moved in my singing of the then quite new solo, "Hark, hear the Saviour knocking." I can call hear the Saviour knocking." I can call to mind now the volume of sound which filled the old Hall as the congregation sang, "Will you let Him in tonight?"

Time to Seek the Lord

had hoped so much that Earnshaw would yield to the movings of the Spirit. It was high time that he should do so; high time he should seek the Lord. If eyer a mortal man had had warnings,

he had had them by the hundred; all his days of late had been full of hints of his days of late had been not of mints of many approaching death; nothing could stay the oncoming end. Stricken with a disease which marched steadily forward, and daily took increasing toll of his strength, he knew he had not many more hours in which to think about eternal

And I knew it too. It was that which moved me to speak to him once more, and so, leaving my place on the platform, I pushed my way through the departing crowd, and halted him just as he was

"He Isn't Knocking Tonight!" The Tragedy of a Harvest Festival Night

By LT.-COLONEL ED. H. IOY

We suggest that the following thrilling tale would be a very suitable item for the Evening Programme of Harvest Festival Sunday

at your heart tonight, Won't you let Him in? You may not have many

more such chances."
"No, Leff." said he,
"Not tonight. Imust get home now, but I'll promise you I'll come tomorrow night. I really will."

"There won't be much of a chance tomorrow night," I rejoined, sadly enough. "It will be the

I'll come tomorrow night And so he left the Hall.

His Broken Promise

The next night, Monday night, I looked around the place, but Jack Earnshaw's usual place was empty. I knew he had had one of his bad spells again, he had had one of his bad spells again, and was scarcely expecting he would be able to come along. There was a lot of happy fun and pleasantry about the Meeting and the subsequent sale, but I have an idea I was not very much "in it". I was thinking about Jack's broken

We closed the proceedings at a late hour, and there was much to do before the Captain and I could get back to the Quarters, and it was quite late when we said, our "Good nights" and proceeded upstairs. I was the last to take the stairs, and just as I did so, there came a

the youngest twin babies.

"Father's ill again, and he wants you and the Captain to come quick," said little Lizzie. "He's ever so bad, and mother is crying and grand-dad's drunk; oh, come quick!"

Chième us all thought of bad the Captain to a said the captain to a said thought of bad the Captain the

Giving up all thought of bed, the Cap-Giving up an thought of bed, the Cap-tain and I made ready to answer the in-sistent call, and, as we went up the High Street the Town Hall clock struck the hour of one like a death-knell.

Inquisitively Gossipy Neighbors

Jack's little cottage was one of a row standing in the rear of the Town Hall, and when we entered the front room there was a heated atmosphere to meet us, and was a heated atmosphere to meet us, and squalor indeed. A room full of inquisitively gossipy neighbours; seeminely a horde of crying children, and the nageing of a distressed wife; the snores of a drunken man who was lying on the settle, and the curses of Jack Earnshaw. I remember it all as if it were last night.

Dear man! What language be was using, and how he was abusing his wife!

Poor soul! She had little idea of family management at the best of times, and less

management at the best of times, and less still at such an hour. Thinking, perhaps, to bring some peace into the riot and having disposed of the neighbours and the drunken grandfather, the Captain said,

Licutenant, you pray."

It certainly was not such a scene as I would have chosen for a prayer place, and in my youthful nervousness it was with some reluctance I knell to pray. Jack sat in his high-back windsor chair by the fireside (he was unable to lie down), his agrand instant as I did so, there came a wife was unable to be down, has feeble knock at the front door.

Opening the door, I saw there a little where the hearth-rug should have been, girl whom I at once recognised as Jack's What I said I do not know, I do not think

eldest child-he had a family of seven, I knew at the time, but such the oh, so suddenly, Jack gave a cry, and sell from his chair right across the front of the fireplace, just missing me and the stove as

I stooped over him to litt 14 a up, the Captain coming to my aid. The little children stood around in non awel silence. We turned him on his finel, and I had my hands under his head so that the Captain might place a cushion meier him, when Jack opened his eyes and said-

(The memory of that mement stays my fingers as I write, I feel once more the cold chill down my spine which even the heat of that focial room could not check; scarce could I still my trembling bands as I beld his bead and then gently put it back on the pillow,

The Hoarseness of His Voice The hoarseness of his voice filled my

dreams for many a night, and comes back to me even now,
"Leff! Leff! Is that you? Is that

"Leff!

you?" And a pause.
"Left! Left!" and his voice sank to a gasping whisper, "Left! He was knothing at my heart last night and I conditi tet Him in-but— He isn't knocking tonight."

And then, with a group which seemed to rattle ahead of the loars, his head sank back once more on the cushion, and he passed out to Eternity.

The wants of the children, and the hysterical calls of his wife, "Jack, Jack!" took the place of his dying

Jack!" took the place of his dying groun, and when we had done all that we could, we left the house; but all down that High Street I seemed to hear, "He isn't knocking tonight!"

And a few afternoons later, when we stood in the cemetery, and lowered his coffin into the deen deep grave. I seemed to hear "He isn't knocking!" And years after, when I was back again in that same town, and was back again in that same town, and went down to the little row of humble cottages behind the Town Hall for the morning Open-Air Meeting, I seemed to hear, "He isn't knocking." I hear it hear, "He isn't knocking," now-He isn't knocking,"

"BECAUSE THOU HAST FORGOTTEN THE GOD OF THY SALVATION . . . THE HARVEST SHALL BE A HEAP IN THE DAY OF GRIEF AND OF DESPERATE SORROW." -Isaiah 17:10-11. about to leave, "Jack," I said, "He has been knocking

An Army Hero

The Glorious Tale of Captain Paul Rader

NAME that should be placed on record in our annals is that of Captain Paul Rader, who was recently pro-moted to glory while serving others.

The Captain was a member of a well-The Captani was a member of a well-known Salvation Army family, and is also the nephew of Paul Rader, the well-known poet and song writer. He was an accepted Candidate with his young wife for Missionary Service in India, and was one of the most promising Officers in the Eastern (U.S.A.) Territory.

He has been called to Higher Service

He has been called to Higher Service under tragic circumstances, and we believe we do well to set forth the story as told in the American "Crys".

The Captain was at his place of duty during a tremendous electrical storm which recently burst over the Lake Massapoag (on the shore of which is situated the "Wonderful" Fresh Air Camp.) Paul Rader was an engineer and at once realized how dangerous it was for the children to be in the water during such a disturbance. But some during such a disturbance. But some were swimming farther out in the lake and he loaded his boat time and time and he loaded his boat time and time again to bring them to safety. Some were diving from a distant raft and he went to fetch them. The boat was full so he ordered them to row back to shore while he, with another life-saver, remained on the raft. It was then that lightning struck him and he fell into the water and did not rise. Three doctors and two nurses applied artificial respiration for two hours after the body was recovered,

but regretfully had to acknowledge their

efforts fruitless.

Captain Paul Rader was twenty-two captain Faul Rader was twenty-two years of age and a musician of no mean order, and it is significant that with his brothers he decided early to put Jesus first in his life and gave up chances further education to play in religious Meetings.

From an early age Captain Rader had strong desires to be a missionary, and it is strange to think that his acceptance for service as a missionary in India was in the mail at the time of his death. But his obedience has been eternally recorded even although he was unable to go.

"I thought of The Salvation Army

A WRITER in the "Call-News-Pic-torial." Perth, West Australia, under the heading of, "Christ and the Drums," relates an incident from which we print the following extract:

"A few nights after in one of Perth's "A lew nights after in one of Perths' principal streets I saw a decently dressed woman. Her appearance indicated respectability. My attention was first drawn to her when I saw her drop her parasol. In stooping to recover it her hat fell off. A man passing picked up both the parasol and hat, and handed them to the woman and passed on. She them to the woman and passed on. She adjusted her headwar, but again dropped her parasol, and when she attempted to pick it up I saw she was intoxicated.

The thought that she was probably the mother of a decent family and the possi-bility of a policeman coming along and running her into the lock-up for the night surged through my mind. I pictured

the humiliation of her boys and girls. the numination of her boys and girs. I pictured the remorse which would over-take the mother when sobriety returned to her next morning and she found her-self in a Roe Street cell, probably sharing the atmosphere with some of the worst crooks of the city.

I hesitated as to what should be done, I hesitated as to what should be done, Two ladies were passing. I sought their aid—asked if they could suggest anything. They tried to get the woman's name and address after I had offered to run her home in my car. Her answers were in-coherent. She could not give any con-nected account of where she lived, so our good intentions of restoring her to her family were defeated.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to leave her to the mercy of the police, and even though the constable was ever so kindhearted, it would be his duty to place her in the cells.

Just then I thought of The Salvation

Just then I thought of The Salvation Army, so I went at once to the People's Palace and found a very obliging Salvation Officer. Though extremely busy he left his work to go to the victim of alcohol. His first saluation was, "Hello, mother—what's wrong?" There was kindness in his tone and friendliness in his manner which immediately won the confidence of the woman. He helped her into the car and remarked, "We will keep her for the night in The Army Home."

She was taken to Lincoln Street, where she was met at the rate by a motherly

She was taken to Lincoln Street, where she was met at the gate by a motherly Matron, who, with the assistance of the male Officer, took her in. She was kept for the night without payment, caredfor and, in charge of two sisters, restored to her family next morning. None of The Army Officers asked for money."

John Wesley and the Bandit

We have the "bandit" with us to-day, we have the "bandh" with its to-day, but in Wesley's day they called him a "highwayman." On one occasion Wesley was held up by a "highwayman" who demanded his money or his lite.

Under such circumstances the average person would have been so agitated and unnerved that he would have thought of nothing but how to escape with his life.

But Wesley was so absorbed with the desire to save the lost, and had such self-possession that, after given up his money, he turned to the hishwayman and said: "Let me speak on word to you; the time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-th from all sin.'' No more was said, and they parted.

parted.

Many years after, as Weley was going out of a church in whea he had preached, a stranger introduced himself and asked Wesley if he rec'hed being waylaid at such a time. He i of him he recollected it.

"I was that man," said 30 tranger, "I was that man," said 30 tranger, "I was that man," said 30 tranger.

"and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the meaning a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practice of attending the House of God and giving attention to His Word, and trust that I am a

Between the great things we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

Various Visitors and Victories at Vancouver

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy and their daughters, although on furlough, kindly agreed to take the Meetings at the Citadel agreed to take the Meetings at the Citatele on Sunday, August 25. The morning Holiness Meeting was a time of much blessing when the Colonel spoke on the kind of subject in which he is at home, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Ilim." And his remarks were such as appealed strongly to those who are "far ben," (on terms of close intinacy), and were greatly appreciated as well as elving encouragement and hone to the giving encouragement and hope to the younger Christians,

younger Christians.

In the evening Mrs. Joy spoke, and otherwise took a prominent part in the Meeting, "120.3," soloed pleasingly and helpfully, while the Colonel's younger daughter, Mangery, very effectively recited, "A little child shall lead them."
The Colonel seemed in an analytical mood—not unusual for him—and seriously put before the audience the matters that are of vital importance in this life and that which is to come. that which is to come.

For the afternoon Meeting we had a visit of a Naval Leaguer, who is Band-master on board H.M.S. Durban. He received a great welcome from our Bands-men, and gave the Meeting quite a fillip men, and gave the Accuring quite a map as he related his experiences. The Band and Songsters were out in full force and rendered good service during the day. Although the next weekend was the final holiday weekend of the season, and a

general spirit of moving hither and thither was in evidence, yet Envoy Alward and Major Habkirk had very interesting Meetings at the Citadel.

The Holiness Meeting was a profitable The Holmess Alecting was a prolitable time, the Envoy taking the major portion of the service. In the afternoon to an attentive audience Lieut, Colonel Payne gave a very instructive address on "Drift-wood," and gave some striking pictures of the present-day phases of life.

In the evening Major Habkirk conducted the opening part of the service, the Envoy later taking the lead. Lt.-Colonel Envoy later taking the lead. Lt.-Colonel Pavne was again present, and gave the principal address which was a very telling one, talking of the great storms that arise in our life's journey, and which none but Christ can still. Three men sought the harbor of refuge,—G.A.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy at Neepawa

A splendid series of Meetings was conducted during the weekend of September 89 by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy. From the very beginning we felt that God was with us, and in a spirit of expectancy entered into the first engagement. Neepawa is noted for its Saturday night Open-Airs, and the cornet, with the added attraction of the Staff-Captain's concertina soon drew a large crowd, which, in spite of the cold evening, listened for over an hour to the stirring message. The singing of favorite hymns brought blessing to many hearts, and many were the requests for special ones—an one side a young man asking for A splendid series of Meetings was conon one side a young man asking for, "Sun of my Soul," and in front of us, an electly gentleman, very evidently in the eventide of life, calling for his favorite, Rescue the perishing. We could name many more, but the best of all is that these old songs brought blessing to those to the ring, and must surely have revived termories in the minds of those on the iewalk.

Sunday's Meetings were rich in blessing of counsel. The Holiness Meeting, with Mrs. Mundy's message on. "Fruitioning," hrought us face to face with our isoring," brought us face to face with our sponsibilities as Christians. After the specing a visit was paid to an old combine who is unable to attend any place worship, and here again the old songs is eaght cheer and blessing. This was flowed by a few minutes with the children in the Company Meeting. The Salvation Meeting was well attaded, and once more our souls rejoiced we saw a young lad come forward in

we saw a young lad come forward in winntary submission to the Voice of God. The last engagement of this excellent speekend was a short eventide service in the Open-Air, where once more the message of varning and entreaty was spunded to those who had neglected the place of worship.



Winnipeg, September 13th

We are very sorry if the non-appear-ance of this column during recent weeks has occasioned any unhappiness or unrest. Envoy Domore gives some advice which might very well apply to the situation —see page 8.

It is good to have the Commissioner back at Territorial Headquarters. Many and important are the responsibilities which devolve upon him, and these have been added to in no inconsiderable degree been added to in no inconsiderable degree during recent days by reason of the Staff and other changes announced in this issue. The forthcoming Congress ar-rangements are constantly in mind, to say nothing of a multitude of other affairs. Let us pray that our Leader may be sustained in these responsibilities, and that he may be Divinely guided in all thins. all things.

Major Tyndall, our versatile and genial Finance Secretary has recently returned from an auditorial visit to the Coast Headquarters and Institutions,

A recent and always welcome visitor to Winnipeg is Mrs. Brigadier John Hab-kirk; her stay with us was short, but just long enough for her to catch a glimpse of her many old-time associates, and for us to make comradely enquiries concern-ing Brigadier John and "Mother" Habkirk, who is now staying for awhile in

Another esteemed visitor at Terri-Another extends visit as Irur E. Copping, of the International Editorial Department. He went forward vesterslay to Toronto, with the good wishes of all who have lately made his acquaintance.

We have been greatly pleased to see Ensign James Harrington around Head-quarters recently. He has gone into hospital for some further treatment which it is hoped will complete his cure.

Great excitement prevails among the remnants of the Junker household; Mrs. Adjutant Junker and the two elder boys are scheduled to arrive home from Denmark on the 14th.

Hearty congratulations to the newly made Ensigns—see the Gazette. Ensign and Mrs. Yarlett are "fairly in love" with their work at Glen Vowell; Ensign with their work at Gien Vowell; Ensign Goodwin is making for himself a name amongst "they that go down to the sea in ships." at Vancouver, We understand he was all prepared for the event. We are glad to hear better reports concerning Mrs. Goodwin's health.

During the recent visit to Vancouver Harbour of H.M.S. DISPATCH, the Citadel Band rendered a much appreciated programme aboard. A religious courtesy as singular as it was welcomed by the Officers and Men of the vessel.

Another snate of weddines. On September 3rd Captains Cartmell and Violet Eby were united in Army Bonds at New Westminster ("Cry" report will be coming along very soon); and on September 24th Captains O'Donnell and Elsie Yarlett are to be similarly blessed by the Commissioner. May the henediction of the Holy One be very evident.

The musically minded among us will readily extend their promotion congratulations to Major Edward Tucker, of "The Bandsman and Songster" on his recent step-up. A good contrade, a ready writer, and a brother-in law of our own Field Secretary he certainly has claims on our fellowship.

We have been interested in hearing that our Beer-Parlor frontispiece—"Who pays the reckoning" has been seen adoming the walls of a cell, in a certain Provincial Jail; evidently the tenant is taking the lesson to heart, and apparently is certain the answer.



Historic Corps of Portage la Prairic Celebrates Triumphant Anniversary Visit of Winnipeg Songsters

It was our privilege on Salurday and Sunday, September 8th and 9th, to ac-company the Winniper Citadel Sonesters to Portage la Prairie, and take part in a most ambitious weel end of Anniversary Services, celebrating the forty years of our work in this city. We were greatly impressed as we en-

tered the Citadel on our arrival to find prominently disprominently dis-played on the plat-form wall the words "G i ve to Jesus glory," and, sum-ming up the whole of the weekend's gatherings it was a time, of reviewing the past accom-plishments; hearing Commanding Officer at Portage la Praire



from some who had had a share in these, including a member of the pioneer party, and in all things which gave us cause to feel proud of the Portage la Prairie Corps, the dominant thought in it all being "Give to Jesus glory."

We were privileged to renew associawe were privileged to renew associa-tions with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton, former Commanding Officers at this Corps, and who piloted the Saturday and Sunday Meetings to a successful con-

It was a joy to meet Envoy Mrs. McGill, who, as Licutenant Aikenhead was one of the party that fired the first shot in the town forty years before, and it was truly a happy turn of events which enabled her to stand on the same historic enamed her to stand on the same historic spot on Saturday night, when all the comrades gathered there for a solemn reconsecration service, the first event of the weekend. In the Festival that followed, the Rev. Mr. Cruickshanks presented the good wishes of the Mmisterial Association. Colonel F. G. Taylor, M.L.A., presided presided.

We have much that we could tell our We have much that we could tell our readers of this historic weekend, of the stirring messages from former Command-ing Officers, and of the tremendously ear-nest, stirring testimonies by Mrs. Envoy McGill, and Sister Mrs. Pyefinch of Win-nipeg VIII, who also was a Commanding Officer twenty-six verse are Officer twenty-six years ago,

Officer eventy-six years ago,
When, at a late hour Sunday, just
prior to the departure of the party for
Winnipeg, Ensign Loughton, the Corps
Officer, related how a soul had been won
during the Sunday night Prayer-Alecting,
how he had come to the Penitent-Form
in a wheal-chair we had a misture of the how he had come to the Penitent-Form in a wheel-chair, we had a picture of the Portage contrades in our mind. We saw the man with the dust of the flour-mill, the woman fresh from the wash-tub, the carpenter with a sprinkling of shavings still about his clothing, and the garage each day at noon, and again in the even-ing for prayer for the stirring of their own folks during the weekend, and also for the blessine of the visitors. blessing of the visitors,

Med. Portage stabwarts, your faith was rewarded, in the winning of one soul who can do much for God as he wheels him-self through the streets of your town, speaking, as he promised to do, a word for the Master at each opportunity.

When one considers that the Songster When one considers that the Songster Brigade took part in ten outside and in-side Meetings, from Saturday evening till Sunday night, including services at the jail and "The Home", it will be readily seen that Songster-Leader Percy Merritt, and his eager band of singers were nearly sung out when the Doxology was sung is the situ bundaturd at 10 cm on Sunin the city bandstand at 10 p.m. on Sunday.

day.

The final event of the weekend was a special Meeting on the Monday night, when, with Mayor W. G. Burns in the chair the history of The Army in the town was presented in a series of Tableaux—"Past and Present—1888 to 1928.

IR W.

At our Thursday night Meeting Lieutenant Morrison was in charge, and it was indeed an inspiring sight to see a girl kneeling at the Pentlent-Form. Hallelujah! Then we had a splendid time on Saturday—three Meetings, two Open-Airs, and one inside, One of the Open-Airs was held at the Corner of Main and Logan, a hallowed spot, dear to the bearts of Cadets when in Training in times past. We had a large crowd of men there, particularly when the Capitain was speaking. It was plainly evident from the look ing. It was plainly evident from the look on the men's faces, and by the very at-tentive hearing they gave her, that the seed was sown in many a heart that Satur-day night. We had a splendid time on

Winnipeg Citadel Songsters on Parade at Portage la Prairie (Perey Merritt, Songster Leader)

Returns and Reunions at Ft. Rouge Crowds and Converts at Logan Ave.

On Sunday morning last we had Lieutenant Nelson with us, and all those present were helped and blessed by his words.

words.

Sunday night we were very glad to see Ensign Schwartz and Sergeant Fraser Ensign Schwartz and Sergeant Fraser Lieutenant Joyce, who later took the lesson. We had a very good Meeting, at the close of which one young woman returned to the Fold. Many others in the Meeting were under conviction and we are praying that they will soon he saved.

to those who had neglected the worship.

—Capt. Fitch and Lt. Hilliary. encouraged us.—M.J.

Sunday. At the Open-Air preceding the evening Meeting in the Hall a man stood listening to us, and reverently uncovered his head during the prayers. One of our Soldiers spoke to him after the Meeting, with the result that he accompanied us to the Hall, and there was soundly converted. Hallelujah!—B.W.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in

Canada West and Alaska International Headquarters London, England

Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitobs.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

GP Authority of the General)
FROMOTIONS
TO BE STAFFCAPTAIN—
Adjutant Joseph Acton.
Captain James Goodwin, Vancouver Divisional
Headqurith Thomas Mundy.
Captain James Goodwin, Vancouver Divisional
Headqurith Partett, Clen Vowell.
Commandant Nellie Horwood, from the
Catherine Business Girld Home, Wannipes, to
the Children's Home, Frandon.
Commandant Nellie Horwood, from the
Catherine Business Girld Home, Wannipes, to
the Children's Home, Brandon.
Ensite Edythe Peterson, from the Chief SecTribusional Headquarters, from the Chief SecTribusional Headquarters, from the Northern
Saskatchewan Divisional Headquarters, to the
Children's Home Headquarters, to the
Headquarters, to the
Headquarters, to the
Children's Home Headquarte

Pro-Lieutenant Vera Clarke, from Special Duty, to the Children's Home, Brandon.

CHAS, T. RICH.
TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

Two Popular Promotions

T seems to us that there will be ver I seems to us that there was be very few Officers and contrades of Canada West who will not be gladly interested in the two promotions which are gazetted this week by the Commissioner.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Joseph Acton are Officers whose Corps Service amongst us has been of an eminently stirring and soul-swing nature. The Staff-Captain entered Officership from Winniper, in 1913, although be originally hailed from the city of Barmingham in the Old Land. His call to Army Service is indeed a thrilling episode, and our readers will remember a recent reference thereto. Mrs. Acton, entered Officership from Scalorth. Ont., and did good work during those days when she was known as Captain Beaumont.

There are many cities and Corps throughout Canada West that have witnessed the uniting labours of our two comrades, but we venture to say that the soldiery of their more recent Corps, Vancouver I and Winnipee I, have counted it no small joy to have had two such faithful workers as leaders of the local forces.

We predict for Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton a period of strenuous work among the Soldiers and friends of the Alaskan and Northern B.C. Division and we also

(Continued on column 4)

Important Territorial Staff Changes

BRICADIER AND MRS. BRAMWELL TAVIOR RECEIVE FAREWELL ORDERS

THERE will be very many throughout THERE will be very many throughout the Territory who will hear with disappointment of the impending farewell of Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor. The Briga-dier has brought such zest to his duties as dier has brought such zest to his duties as Field Secretary, and has proved himself so thoroughly interested in the Field Officers of Canada West during his short stay with us, that his move on will be universally regretted. We are sure, too, that Mrs. Taylor will be missed amongst us. Her special public gifts, no less than her kindly personality, have been a con-

ner smilly personaitly, have been a con-siderable joy to us.

We are glad to announce, however, that the General has selected the Briga-dier for the important office of Principal of the new Training Garrison shortly to be opened in San Francisco. The Com-

mander is announced to conduct the dedication services of this Institution in connection with the Western Congress at the end of October and we feel sure that our worthy colleague can be trusted to carry forward to successful issues the important and entrancing work which will be thus splendidly inaugurated.

We take advantage of this oppor-We take advantage of this oppor-tunity to thank the Brigadier for his work amongst us, and to congratulate him upon this further mark of the esteem of the General and our International Leaders. We feel sure that other evidences of such

We feel sure that other evidences of such esteem are not far distant. The actual date of the Field Secretary's departure and the name of his successor will be announced by the Commissioner in due course.

THE COMMISSIONER also announces number of important Staff Changes. a number of important Staff Changes, affecting many positions and institutions of responsibility throughout the Terri-tory. The following Officers have re-ceived instructions to Farewell from their present Commands, and will be well settled in their new positions, as follows, by the end of October.

Brigadier John Merrett, who for the Brigadier John Merrett, who for the past two years has filled with much ac-ceptance the position of Men's Side Offi-cer at the Training Garrison, returns to his old post as Secretary for Publishing and Supplies at Territorial Headquarters.

and Supplies at Territorial readquarters.
Brigadier George Smith vacates the
place now to be illed by Brigadier Merrett,
and proceeds to the command of the
South Saskatchewan Division with Head-

South Saskatchewan Division with Head-quarters at Regina. We very sincerely predict a season of usefulness for him and Mrs. Smith in this important area of our operations. Major Walter Carruthers who has had such a successful five years of duty in Alaska and Northern B.C., comes to the Manitoba and N.W. Ontario Division and, of course, will have his Headquarters in Winniper. in Winnipeg.
Staff-Captain James Merritt com-

State-Captain James Merritt com-pletes a term of nearly three years in the Alberta Division and returns to his old battleground of Vancouver, where he will assume command of the Southern B.C.

Staff-Captain Alfred Steele, after a somewhat lengthy association with Winni-per, and a stay of two years in the Mani-toba Division, proceeds to the Alberta Division, with Headquarters in the City of Edmonton

Staff-Captain Charles Tutte who came to Regina as Divisional Commander

just on three years ago, returns to Van-couver, where he will assume important and extended duties as Secretary for Subscribers and Financial Organization in British Columbia and Alherta.

Staff-Captain Ton Mundy is surely Stant-Captain 16nf Mundy is surely due for a change after his nine years term as Private Secretary to the Territorial Commander. We congratulate him on taking up the duties of Chief Side Officer, Men's Training Garrison.

Staff-Captain Joseph Acton is under instructions to proceed to Wrangell as successor to Major Carruthers in the command of the Alaska and Northern B.C. Division, but is at present under-taking special Congress duty in Vancouver taking special Congress duty in Vancouver following the farewell of Brigadier and Mrs. Layman and pending the arrival of the new Divisional Commander.

the new Divisional Commander.
Other Farewells are Staff-Captain
Benj, Bourne of the Vancouver Subscribers District: Adjutant Richard Shaw,
Saskatoon Subscribers District; Adjutant
George Jones. Edmonton Subscribers
District and Adjutant William Cooper,
Regina Subscribers District. The appointments of these comrades will be announced in our pext issue.

In the meantime we pray that each of In the meantime we pray that each of the above named Officers may have additional abundant evidences of Divine approval on their labours, and that they may be further "blessed with all spiritual blessings." Especially do we pray that "the exceeding riches of His grace" may be vouchsafed to their wives and children during these days of change; the promise is that. "The Lord will be exceeded by the promise of the days of change; the promise is that. "The Lord will be exceeded by the promise of the shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore

A RESOURCEFUL NEWSBOY

A newsboy plying his lively business in the rush of a busy city corner, and espying a half-drunk woman wandering amongst the traffic, hurries to her side, and offers a guiding hand. She is not clear as to her whereabouts, or her destination and in the kindliness of his heart the tion and in the kindiness of his heart the half feels that she should not be left alone. But what could a newsboy do? Looking up, his eyes see across the street, "Salva-tion Army." It is our headquarters in

charge will find friends in the big building over the way. "Come with me," he said, taking the poor woman's arm: "I know someone who will help you." Soon he is knocking at the office of the Chief Secretary, where he hands over his haples charge, and, with that Officer's. "God bless you." he bounds off again to his secretary. newsvending.

up, his eyes see across the street, "Salvation Army." It is our headquarters in Sydney.

The little fellow does not know much doubte, seek to lead her to Christ, about The Army, but he feels sure his her Saviour and Friend."

DON'T FORGET "MY" DAY! SAT., SEPT. 22nd Your help is earnestly solicited for "Babies' Day" on behalf of

Grace Hospital, Winnipeg "A Noble Work, Nobly Done"

Lt.-Colonel Bernard Booth



OFFICERS and common f Canada West who remember a the visit which the General paid to the Territory two and since, will be delighted to reciatively elder son paid to the Territory two and a half years since, will be delighted to hear of his recent advancement in rank, and to know that he is thus coming to a sition in Army service where his sel-and Salvation virility will be did talents increasingly at the disposal of the and Mrs Booth and our other International Leaders. Congratulations, Colonal Bernard!

Commissioner Mitchell

THE many friends and well wishers of Commissioner Much it. Territorial Commander for Sweden, the orthout Canada West will learn with thearner that the latest reports state that he is making splendid progress towards re-wery, fol-lowing his serious operation. The doctors are unanimous in regarding the progress of his recovery as remarkable.

(Continued from column 1)

assure those comrades of the meening of two warm-hearted and sme-headed Salen-tionists who will strue to carry or the splendid work which has been s worthily done by a line of gullant pre-lecesors. Staff-Captain and Mrs. T. Mundy's

advancement to Staff rank will be



heartiness as it has been received by their comrades at Territe of Head-quarters. The Staff-Captar answered the call to Officership from Prandon. Man., in 1914, coming from good Salvation Army stock.

It is totally unnecessary to speak of Staff-Captain Mundy's process as a diligent toller—behind as well as before diligent toller—behind as we is notice the scenes; his travels across the Territory with three successive Territorial Commanders have made him tell known amongst us. His messaces at word and song have worthly supported those of his leaders, and The Army size his songs in nearly every land.

And what can we say a but Mrs. Mundy? Always merry and wight so it seems to us; always cheerful to serve alone so that her husband may fulfil his alone so that her husband mag fulfil his calls—and in that becoming mere and more a real "Staff wife"—an as ready with a song or testimony; else-seems to have changed little since ther days (in 1917), when as Captain Barma Curries the entered the glorious ham service from Winnipeg Citadel, Live changed —except for the fact of the three bonny children who also rejoice in the name of Mundy.



THE COMMISSIONER

Launehes the Winter Engagements of the Centenary Call Campaign

A SPLENDID start off to the Winter Engagements of the Centenary Call Campaign was given by the Commissioner Campaign was given by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich in an enthusiastic Meeting held in the Garrison Auditorium on Tuesday evening last,

Our Leader took advantage of the op-portunity to thank God for the mani-festations of Divine blessing which have been so abundant upon us of late, both as a Nation and as an Army, and in doing so gave expression to the hope that the Territorial Harvest Festival Celebrations would give further evidence of our gratitude.

His references to the forthcoming Congress Meetings in Winnipeg and Van-couver were received with delight by those assembled, and clear indications of the pleasure and interest which is felt by all concerning our special Congress visitor—Colonel Mary Booth; she is

visitor—Colonel Mary Booth; she is assured of a warm welcome.

An item which added to the comradeship and heartiness of the gathering was the announcement of the promotions and appointments of Staff-Captains Mundy and Acton (see page 6). It is fully evident that these happy events are popular amongst us.

Mrs. Commissioner Rich Presides Over Interesting Function at Kildonan

at Kildonan

ON Thursday, September 6, Mrs.
Commissioner Rich opened the Kildonan Home Sale of Work and HomeCooking, and a pleasant afternoon followed. Mrs. Rich was supported by
Brigadier Park. Captain and Mrs. Martin,
the Home Officers, and a number of other
Officers. In the evening the Winnipeg
Citadel Band gave a pleasing programme
of music, this taking place on the lawn,
and this was further enhanced by the and this was further enhanced by the presence of the Commissioner, who was accompanied by Mr. Arthur Copping. A really enjoyable evening was spent, the inmates of the Institution, as well as

It goes without saying that all the fancy work infant's garments, and other articles were made by the girls of the Home, and in view of this fact everyone is delighted to know this fact everyone is defignted to know that the proceeds of the Sale amount to \$115. Perhaps this is a good apportunity to announce that the Officers of the Home will be glad to receive at any time orders for Children's clothes, woolen parments (any size) and fancy-work.

the visitors, enjoying the feast of music

Colonel and Mrs. Miller

WE are more than happy to announce that the Chief Secretary has so far recovered from his recent operation as to be able to return home; he left the hospital, so we were told, looking real good

This all promises a safe delivery from his trying experiences, and, we trust, a speedy return to Territorial Headquarters,

speedy return to Territorial Headquarters, where his absence has been a cause for much regret during recent weeks. We are glad, too, to say that Mrs. Miller has been wonderfully upheld during the Colone's prolonged sickness, and is deeply grateful to all couractes for abundant evidence of continual concern on her own and the Colone's behalf.

SOWING Q_REAPING GIVING CETTING

A Message to the Farmers of Western Canada By COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH

The Old Country has been ealled the 'Nation of Shop Keepers'. When this phrase was coined it was intended to be one of derision, but the high ethical standards of English trading have altered that and the little sea girt isle of which we are all proud has made its name in all the markets of the world for fair and honest dealing and the term 'A Nation of Shop Keepers' is no longer one of derision.

May not our great Dominion be called a Nation of Farmers? Canada and Wheat are almost synonymous terms. Canada is also making her influence felt in all the markets of the world and is striving to maintain those high standards that made the Mother Land great. Our difficulties in doing this should not be so great as the older countries. They have their crowded cities, their squalid slums. We, too, have our cities, but they are places of beauty, of wide streets and splendid bouleyards and then our almost illimitable stretch of prairie with a truly illimitable stretch of sky. We are all nearer nature and that should mean nearer God. We are further removed from the artificialities of life and nearer the heart of things.

This should not only make it easier to maintain high standards, but also make it easier to understand some of the natural principles of life. Surely it must be easy for every farmer to learn that there is no getting without giving, which is only another way of saying that you must sow before you reap.

Many a prairie farmer this Spring gave everything he had to the land. He literally impoverished himself. He knew that there was no getting without giving, and knew also that the more generously he gave the more would nature give back to him.

Nature taught the farmer this principle that one must 'give to get'. He quickly learned it because life itself depended upon it. If this poor farmer were lazy in the preparation of the land, niggardly in giving all that went to the enriching of the soil, miserly in the quality and quantity of the seed-nature would have had her answer. No getting without giving. That was Nature's message.

God has a message also that He has been trying to teach the farmer (and indeed each of us) that we not only give to get, but we must still give to keep what we already have; that the Harvest is not really ours until we have given the Lord of the Harvest His share.

Early in history was laid down the principle "The first of the first fruit of the land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord Thy God." Again and again it was repeated. The farmers were slow to learn (and we were just as slow), but it remained for the Master Himself to give it the most tragic and dramatic interpretation that it has ever had. Read again the arresting story of the Rich Farmer (Luke 12: 16-21).

"I will pull down my barns and build greater, I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Eat, drink and be merry. God said: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be?"

Then the fremendous application, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." IT IS EVIDENT GOD EXPECTS HIS SHARE OF THE PROFITS

What are we doing about it? We are a nation of Farmers. And more-the land is heavy with a glorious crop. Are we giving God His share? All the way through the Bible, all down through history there is evidence of a direct connection between giving and blessing.

"Bring all the tithes into the storehouse. Prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts. I will open the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The Jewish Nation was compelled to keep three great festivals every year. One was the Feast of Pentecost, which was held to celebrate the ingathering of the Golden Harvest. At that time the head of every family had to 'appear before the Lord' and to bring his 'tribute of a free will offering.

Surely it was no mere coincidence that when this people was gathered together in Jerusalem for this great feast the Holy Ghost was given. Was it not rather God's way of saying, for all time, 'You give and I will give also, You bring your tithes and I will pour out the blessing,

Here is the message emphasised so that all who wish may read. Nature cries, you must 'give to get' God cries, you must 'give to keep'

Bring your tithes and I will give abundantly.

The right kind of Harvest Thanksgiving means Penteeost, May it be the experience of every Corps, of every Church, of every individual, throughout this Nation of Farmers.



Commissioner van der Werken

To Leave Her Command— Commissioner Howard to Proceed to Switzerland

HE latest British "War Cry" announces that Commissioner van der Werken, the Territorial Commander for Switzerland, has broken down in health and has been compelled to ask the General to relieve her of the Command. The Commissioner has for the past three or four months been lighting against indifferent health, hoping the change and rest would restore her sufficiently to permit of her retaining the charge of our Work in Switzerland, to which country and people she had become greatly attached, but her

hopes have, not been realized.

In view of the vacancy thus unexpectedly created the General has decided The View of the Vactions that the precedity created the General has decided to make a change in the appointments announced a few weeks ago, and has instructed Commissioner Howard, who had received his appointment as Territorial Commander for Denmark, to proceed to Switzerland in succession to Commissioner van der Werken.

We hope to be able to announce next week the name of the new Territorial Commander for Denmark, but in the meantime extend our good wishes to Commissioner van der Werken, and trust that her furlough will bring about the much desired improvement in her health.

Old Orchard Camp

Stirring Meetings Led By Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard Under the inspiring leadership of Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard, one of the most effective series of Camp Meetings has recently concluded at the famous Old Orchard with fifty-four seekers at

the Mercy-Seat.
Over five hundred Officers, including staffs of Territorial, Provincial, and Divisional Headquarters participated, and three crowded public gatherings were attended by more than five thousand people. The Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard were greatly used in stirring the zeal of Salvationists and bringing consisting the the unreased

viction to the unsaved.

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. MacMillan led the opening weekend's Meetings, and God graciously blessed their efforts. The Goo graciously diessed their efforts. In a spects of Army work in missionary and other lands, presented by Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard and Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. MacMillan, created keen interest in the world-wide Army.

—W. Brindley, Ensign.

Winds of Mercy at Weston

Willifs of Mercy at Weston
Weston (Captain Littley and Licut.
Venn). We had a good time last Sunday,
and rejoiced over live seekers. Sergeant
Acey of the Training Garrison was in
charge in the morning, and following her
address three seekers for Holiness came
forward. In this Meeting C.C. Frances
Smith was Commissioned as Y.P. Treasurer. At night the Open-Air was well
attended and we had a splendid march
back to the Hall where a lively Salvation
Meeting followed. Captains Lyons and
Hillier were with us on this occasion, as
well as a number of other visiting Officers.
Many comrades testified to God's power
to save. Captain Lyons took the lesson, to save. Captain Lyons took the lesson, and in the Prayer-Meeting two souls claimed Salvation. To God be all the glory.—V. Boorman.



THERE are some folks who get "all used to say, at the thought of the approach of the holidays, and who get "all nerves" at the end of the same. We confess to being among this class. We did not want being among this class. We did not want to go on furlough, and we did not want to to go on furlough, and we did not want to come off furlough. But we chanced to see, during our holiday reading, this be-stirring line; "Vacation days are over— it is time to return to Work," and for fear we might receive some official message of that character, we decided to return to the Editorial attic at the first opportunity.

It has been a great faunt that we've had. More of a change than a rest, but it has enlarged our Salvation Army vision, and intensified our Army comradeships in a way that no other furlough has done for a long time. It has been one long round of Armyisins.

It was quite late at night when we It was quite late at night when we arrived at Edmonton, and while the Bagpipe Band which accompanied us on the first "lee" of our trip wailed on the midnight air, we entered into conversation with the waiting policeman. "Yes, he knew Adjutant Stewart, but he really didn't expect him around at this time of night. No, he didn't know him by name, but he thought he knew the other Army man we meant; that one that generally has a concertina case with him. Good sorts, both of them." Of course we know who by had in mind, and agreed with his conclusions.

Is There a Salvation Army in Canada? At Jasper, next morning we had a fleeting touch of The Army when we causht a fleeting glimpse of Mrs. Dr. Sugden; we just managed to pass a morn-ing salutation, and felt quite a Winnipeg breeze for a few moments.

On the train, on route for Prince Rupert and Port Essington, we entered into con-versation with an American lady from Oklahoma; she was bound for a teaching period in Alaska. She related a funny story about some of her friends having story about some of ner triends having seen The Army in Winnipeg, and being surprised that "The Salvation Army is in Canada!" I should say we are, very much so!

"Hullo there!" is Major Carruther's hearty form of greeting; he bestows it on Mayor and newsboy alike, and it loses Mayor and newsbry and, and I loses none of its benefiction. It was nice to see him, and Ensign and Mrs. Joyce; also Capt, and Mrs. Yarlett from Glen Vowell, they had come to the train to meet us, so they said, but one could see they were quite as much excited over the imminent date as index exceed over the immeria arrived of Arthur Copping who added himself to our party—per one of the Umon Steamers, within a few moments of our coming into town. Very soon we were "all one Army."

We had a great time on the streets of Prince Rupert that evening, and a full Hall for our Salvation Sing Song, Fld, Captain and Mrs. Andrew McKay, of Port Simpson, were with us, and added their measure of song and testimony. Splendid comrades they are, and gave us some idea of the Native Stalwarts we were to meet on the morrow.

Port Essington loomed up through the haze across the Skeena on the Saturday haze across the Skeena on the Saturday afternoon, and we were joined and met by the beginnings of the Congressional Visitors. My, that's a queer spot, Port Essington! And a heartache too! It tells of a decaying industry, and a disappearing activity. We saw the spot where

once stood the Hall and Quarters of a flourishing Corps; where Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling preached the gospel in the days of the town's prusperity. Their name is remembered affectionately by some of the old-timers. The site of the old-Hall is now covered with undergrowth, but we mused a while where the Gosling children used to play, before turning our steps towards the little Hall which now stands over tide water, but where Sergt. Major Brown and his faithful comrades still carry on the Salvation work. still carry on the Salvation work.

Notes and Items By THE EDITOR

Here too we met Fld.-Captain Mart McKay and his charming little wife, and heard his stalwart testimony, and took stock of him as a tower of strength amongst us. Sergt.-Majors and Chiefs and Envoys were there galore and proved themselves all valiant in word and deed. in prayer and song.

Youthful Days Come Back to Us

Youthful days came back to us at nounnu anys came back to us at Port Essington for we made acquaintance with the sisters of our old-time and now "Down East" comrade—Colonel Hargrave. Mrs. Pastor Pierce, and her brave, though suffering sister were keen to see one of whom they had heard much (Ill or good, we wonder?) in former days. It's a small world.

A few days later we were back again A few days later we were pack again in Prince Rupert, once more enjoying the ready hospitality of the Joyce's, and missing a night sail out to Metakatla, where Envoy and Mrs. Clifton lead on our Native forces; we had met them at Port Essington, but would like to have seen them in their own environment.

seen them in their own environment.

By this time Mrs. Major Carruthers had come to town from the Wilds of Wrangel, and had brought son Billy with her. The latter youth was greatly excited about the unusual number of horses in the streets, and also full of what he would tell his bi-others and sisters about the railroad engines. It's a great life up there in Alaska; it certainly affords one some thrills when one returns to the one some thrills when one returns to the Dr. mainland.

Mow our holiday, pure and simple, really began; the rest of the family had arrived, and by a splendid and healthful run down the Inner Passage we arrived; in fordly Vancouver. There was a mist over the waters when we first entered the Narrows, but soon it lifted, and we saw the spires and elevations of the city in all their welcoming stateliness. The weltheir welcoming stateliness. The wel-come lost some of its stateliness, but added to its warmth, when we found our good and lovable comrade. Commandant Spearing, on hand as usual. And so to Mt. Pleasant Lodge—just to show that we had lost none of our former love—and -and a still heartier welcome from Mrs. Spearing. We found her, as before, surrounded ing. by a bevy of the girls whom she so loves to aid and cheer.

A Circle of Comradeship

We would have you know that we were on vacation bent, and Stanley Park and Deep Cove had wondrous charms for our party, but there were those in the city-members of a circle of comradeshipmembers of a circle of comradesing— whom we had just as actually come to see. We found them hale and hearty, and as keen as mustrud," as Lt.-Colonel Good-win said, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips go on through the years adding to the love which surrounds them; Mrs. Colonel Counds is us notified in uncode weekers. Coombs is as active in good works as ever, and as one would expect her to be; L1.-Colonel Goodwin seeking for outlets of her ever fiery energy; and all on the heights of Port Grey and "surveying the landscape o'er." Brigadier Allen we saw, as frisky and jaunty as one would imagine.

McLean's -th birthday; we have heard since that this went off in fine style, even though the chief guests did turn up at the party in a very "infra dig" fashion. It's good to keep young while one can.

good to keep young while one can.
We paid a visit to the Hospital of
Grace on the Heights of Shaughnessy,
and were royally and conradely enter-tained by Lt.-Colonel Payne. By the
way, we met the Colonel at Mt. Pleasant
on Sunday night, and listened with pleasure to her "nautical" sermon. We saw
other good friends. Commandant Dunkely, Adjutant Lister, and "a creat many
more that we can't tell"—as the old song
used to have. used to have it.

Staff-Captain Bourne placed himself at our service and added to our felicity; it was with extreme delight too we listened to Mrs. Bourne's sweet singing in one of the Meetings we attended. Major Jaynes the Meetings we attended. Major Jaynes —as portly and as unpompous as ever—was full of threats about starting a Vancouver "Cyr" because this present one doesn't give enough Vancouver news. (Take the hint, G.A.): He gave the eirls a ride on one occasion, in most undignified a rate on one occasion, in most undignified manner on the Social truck, and added to the enjoyment of the event by shouting along the streets, "Everybody who's happy, say Hallelujah." Nobody re-sponded!

Sampling the Other Corps

Some of the members of our party sampled as many of the local Corps and Junior Meetings as they could encompass within the space of the visit, and we may hearing about such through other nnels. The old Citadel, with its host be hearing about such through other channels. The old Citadel, with its host of former and later friends, was a decided attraction for us. It was good to see and hear Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt again, and too bad that we just missed seeing and hearing Brigadier Layman, who was rushing off for his hasty furlough. Somebody else will tell about the Meetings in the Citaded, we are only concerned in this most unusual article with personalities. The Band sounded good in our cars, as did also the Songeters, but what we liked most of all was the ready testimony response.

testimony response.

Every once in a while in our perambula-ons we would come across the Drive tions we would come across the Drive Party, each member bent on setting the heather alight, and receiving an increas-ing amount of enthusiastic co-operation. ing amount of enthusiastic co-operation.

Envoy Alward certainly gives himself to
his task, and makes a joy of it. Major
Habkirk, too, is on the same errand, and
he made a joy of his task by an act of
hospitality to the Joys.

The holiday days came to an end all
too soon, although we were conscious of a

swotting colleague at the end of the railway. Owing to a most unfortunate contretemps over which we have not yet the courage to dwell, our party had to divide for the "Great Divide" journey. divide for the "Great Divide" journey. We never remember a trip when we wanted less to see the sights. But that's a private matter.

Echoes of the Davies & Co. Campaign

Calgary was the last lap, and here we were met with echoes of the recent triumphant Davies and Co. Campaign; triumphant Davies and Co. Campongo, echoes which became more than mere sound when we had the Saturday night Open-Air Meeting in full swing. We've had some good Meetings at that old station corner, but it will he a long, long time before we forget the thrill of, "I time before we forget the thrill of, "I know a Fount," played and sung over by the Band of the Faithful Remnant this particular occasion.

Commandant and Mrs. Muttart added

Commandant and Mrs. Muttart added to the delights of the Sunday; Adjutant Knott gave us her sisterly benediction, and we duly admired her gardening efforts (and Adjutant Laycock's) at Grace Hospital, and heard her tale of triumphs in connection with the increas-ing work of that institution. Also Then it was no small pleasure for the Grace Hospital, and heard her tale of Winnipeg. And hear we are said likely members of our crew to meet again Lt-triumphs in connection with the increas- to be—unless some of the floating were with them there was a deeply laid renewed a valued acquaintance with It's a good world, and not of good family plot afoot to celebrate Mrs. Adjutant Jones, of Edmonton, who was comradeship.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

Danny gets a Very Kind Letter

Ste. Al Styreme Minsions Winning

Dear Mr. Editor:

You might have told not it are a had You might have told not it is a had been away for your holds. I deadld have saved myself ever some treather it I had only known. The is spent putting my notes together. I have malked to see that they we have parly malked; and you were, all the passing in the glory of your dead of the property of the p

I am glad to say, however, that while you have been away the "Cry blas been very good; I have enjoyed it what a much very good: I have enjoyed it est smuch sor rather. I am enjoying it est have had to read up all the but was, and move I think I am pretty with the end of the weak and to read up all the but was, and current affairs. It is a job evicing pace with the rumours that we have some ought to have an accopiant to charge some of them. The time and entered some of them, The time and entered what is going to happen to increase finite in terrible. It would be a 1st better if they got out and sold a few "Crys", But—are there any other particular, Mr. Editor? Editor

Here is a letter I have in t received; Here is a fetter 1 have put received;
I think you ought to have it. Onite a nice letter I call it. Just the set to keep one humble, and shows such a bacutful spirit. Funny it isn't stated with the writer's proper name on it isn't man, folks who write like this never do sign. folks who write installed their proper names,

Metric Mr. Ont,

Sept. 7th, 1928

Dear Mr. Domore: I thought you would like to know that I thought you would like to know that I sometimes enjoy you with some that I sometimes enjoy you with some next has been all the same. I wonder if you could get the Editor to principle could get the Editor to principle could get the Editor to principle are beautiful, and may be to making a few "typs" for some tooks, but have for fixed the "Cry" for some tooks, but have to refuse the Officers, and I know down the are thinking of doing section. So do your best. your best.
"A Sincere Friend"

"A Sincre Friba!"

Now, isn't that a real encouragement. I wonder if our "Sincere Frier!" belongs to one of those Corps where they have dropped their orders recently. Don't worry, Danny. The letter may be meant quite kindly even if it the cit should in. The enclosed verses which the artier ends along were "pinched" out of one other paper, and are copyright, so we can't print them. Eff.

them.—Ed.)

I must ring off now, yournale, I've some other notes to do, but before doing so, regret to have to say it in the Found of Defeat are abroad of the order agetting to "rock bottom." I give a Never mind, my contrale. It paid up now that Adjutant Tom Man, has con the Staff and Adjutant Tom Man, has con the blues. Good old Prof.

the blues. Good old Piest Yours very time Daniel Daniel

and

in Calgary on department; i paid a visit to Adjutant at the Eventide Home, and We Kerr but moving morning Me Knights Bachelors of that is the the It was a mouruful, with phant, duty we had to jet trium-· mehl * - ioner

Memorial Service Eadie; but the crowded C sight of the gallant son (

Leader warmed our bearts.
And then the last homes in And then the last homest mow in the company of the address of the different middle for a middle



The Jubilee of Salvation Army Bands

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him

Fifty Years of Steady Progress and Soul-Saving Victories

By LIEUT.-COLONEL R. SLATER (R.)

IT IS surely an appropriate time to take a glance at the main features of Army Band history. What cause for praise such a survey contains! But not only praise, for it is impossible to look at the facts without being moved to wonder.

In March, 1878, The Army work was ommenced in Salisbury. Determined commenced in Salisbury. Determined and violent opposition was aroused. A and violent opposition was aroused. A saved man named Charles Fry, who was an amateur musician, was stirred with sympathy for the Salvationists in their hard fight, and, as a consequence, he offered the aid of hinself and of his three sons—all players on brass instruments. The offer was gladly accepted, and quickly the consecrated labors of this small Band

27, 1880, his Order for Bands, advocating 27, 1880, ins Order for Bands, advocating the learning of instruments among his people and the formation of Bands at all Corps where this could be done. What was the result? On every side there was an outburst of enthusiasm. Instruments were bought or borrowed; those who knew anything of music set about teaching the set because of the set ing other comrades; in some cases sympathetic musicians, not Salvationists, made offers of teaching and training the little groups which were got together at various Corps.

All kinds of Instruments

At the beginning all kinds of instruments were brought into use, for Brass Bands were evolved as we know them today only after various trials had been



IN whatever direction you go, you will always be running into people who won't mind their own business. It seems next to impossible for them to

It seems next to impossible for them to stick to their own affairs. This nosing into other people's affairs is a disease. It's worse than organic trouble, for once it bites at a mind, noth-

ing on earth will keep it in its place.

A day or so since, a violent quarrel came into being, because of a rather nasty instance of interfering. It was obvious came into being, because of a rather nasty instance of interfering. It was obvious from the outset that the indignant friend resented the nosing propensities of the other man. Any decent person objects to someone else probing for information, or insidiously suggesting, in that beastly subtle way that we all know but cannot quite parry, all kinds of scandalous ideas. But he does it, and with a nefarious insistence, and try how we may, we find it positively impossible to resist it. This fellow of whom we are speaking, stuck to his horrid guns, and pursued the friend until the latter rose up and let forth all the anger of his righteous indignation he could muster. Result: a real old, honest-to-goodness row.

And not altogether wrong either. The other man had no possible right to come pooking his nose into something which was no concern of his. It served him right that his friend turned upon him.

No friend has the right to presume upon his friendship. It is a presumption that brings friendship to a very low estate. No one who understands what friendship means would ever dream of doing such a thing. Your noser is a very undesirable fellow, and we must never fight shy of snubbing him.

Weights That Help

Weights That Help

There are weights that help as well as weights that hinder. Did you ever see men engaged in fishing? They have the were only corks the net would float on the surface and drift away; if there were only leads it would drop to the bottom and be useless. But with corks and leads properly balanced, the net stands in its place and encloses the shoal of fish.

We have duties, disciplines, weights—these are the heavy things to hold us down to Duty and make us useful; and God sends love and faith and hope into our lives to make us men and keep us buoyant.

the supposed needs of Army Bands. Some strange and even lamentable things occurred, however, because of this decocurred, bowever, because of this dependence on such sources for music. The Founder was led by such experience to see the necessity of the Army providing its own Bands with the music of a suitable character that they might in truth serve the Army's needs.

A Daring Innovation

Hard work, a good deal of misapplied energy. Hard work, a good deal of misapplied energy, and in some cases on erroneous and dangerous lines for the Army Setst interest, mark the early Army Band's history. It became clear as time went on that something more than just locallyment of the source medical so that Army band's history. It became clear as time went on that something more than just locallyment of the source of the source of the source of sufficient points and progress might be made sure. The Interpretaries sued his first Regulation in War Cry (February 24, 1881), that being the only means of making known his orders to his musical forces.

Among the most serious difficulties in the early years was that of music for the Bands. The Army had no music of its own. The Bands either bought what they thought would be of service from publishers of brass band music, or played from manuscript copies the arrangements made by outside musicians who were willing as a favor or for payment to meet

Our Occasional Talk

Good News and Good Deeds

I AM a pretty regular subscriber to certain public newspapers, and as a rule have little occasion to complain about the news they offer. I do sometimes find it hard to forgive them, however, when they publish as news something which they know very well to be utterly untrue. Their repetition of a lie makes it untrue. Their repetition of a lie makes it doubly hard to overtake the first harm and I am not so sure that I find it in my

and I am not so sure that I find it in my heart to forgive them.

Sometimes I wish they had a truer appreciation of the kind of news I like to read, and were not so obsessed with the idea that the only readable matter tells of the sins of men; and had I the ear of a great newspaper proprietor I would suggest to him that a column a day, devoted to a recital of the fine things men had done the day before would be devoted to a recital of the line things men had done the day before, would be welcomed by thousands of his readers. Some time ago, for instance, during the so-called "silly season," I found this paragraph in my paper, which, I am sure, was only allowed to appear because other

was scarce:-

The big man stepped up
The doors which open from the
pavement into the lobby of a big
building, it ran, "are heavy ones
and very bard to open. Yesterday a
little hunchback stepped out of a
lift on the ground floor, followed by
a big man. The hunchback reached
the doors first, and threw himself
against one, but though he pushed
with all bis might he could not open
it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and
the big man stenoed up. Noticine The big man stepped up against one, but though he pushed with all his might he could not open it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and the big man stepped up. Noticing the look of humiliation on the face of the little fellow, the big man said: "I've got a sore wrist. Come on, let's see if the two of us can open it." The hunchback and the big man both pushed at the door, and of course it opened. The two went out smiling." Worth printing? Of course it was. Yet every day thousands of men and women do kindly deeds, whose reporting waild inspire others to similar nobliness, and our Press ignores them all in order to find space for the takes of the crimes of men. It is a pity, I repeat; and repeat, too, my suggestion that a column a day devoted to the reporting of the good men do would be a popular column, and, what is better, machily influential in inspiring others to god deeds.

Essence of Laziness

We heard the other day of a young brandsman who said that "he had no time to go to the Open-Air, he must do some cornet practice!" He reminded us of Uncle Jethro.

Uncle Jethro sat fishing on the bank of

Is it possible that there are any fish in such a small stream as that?" he asked, "No, there ain't none!" Uncle Jethro grunted.

g and deeds.

"But you're fishing!"
"Yep," said Uncle Jethro.
"What, then, is your object?"
"My object," replied Uncle
"is to show my wife I ain't got no time
to sift the ashes."

proved of unquestionable value. It was not seen by anyone, however, that here started a movement that was to be world-wide in its ultimate scope.

Army Band history was initiated, not according to a preconceived plan, but by God moving upon the heart of a converted man, who was led to consecrate himself and his family as musicians to the work of seeking the world's Salva-

Novel and Arresting

At first the Band's efforts seemed to have stirred little more than local interest—as if the use of instruments was just a feature in the life of the Salisbury Corps. But at length it was recognized Corps. But at length it was recognized that the results were so novel, so arresting, and so significant of a new field of Army activity, that the news was talked over again and again. The Founder got to hear of the unique venture and desired to test its value for himself by having the little Band at work before his own eyes in Meetings under his control.

Grasping the significance of this new expansion of Army activity, the Founder issued in the "War Cry", dated March

made and experience gained as to the comparative value of instruments for Army service. It was not long, however, before combinations on the Brass Band model proved their unquestionable superiority for general use.

A good deal of mis-applied energy. Hard work, a good deal of misapplied energy, and in some cases on erroneous and dangerous lines for the Army Band's history. It became clear as time went on that something more than just locally-made rules were needed so that Army Band development and progress might be made superiority. The Founder therefore issued history. The Founder therefore issued history and the superiority februar 24, 1881), that being the only means of mag known his orders to his musical forces.





Adjutant Davies' Stories **Delight Kamloons Audiences**

(Capt. J. Wilson and Lieut, Murray).

(Capt. J. Wilson and Lieut. Murray).
Adjutant Davies' visit here was greatly enjoyed, and the three Meetings conducted by her were well attended. The first night was most teresting, and the Adjutant's stories of her varied experiences as an Officer in the Old Country stirred many hearts, and aroused many happy memories.

The second night we had a glimpse into a Training Garrison Bible-Class, and we are sure the Officers felt they were once again sitting in the seats now vacant and ready for the new Session. The use of a model made the lesson on the Taber-

model made the lesson on the model made the lesson on the made very instructive.

The third night gladdened our hearts.
Our delightful little Hall was packed, and model of the model of th Our delightful fittle Hall was packed, and almost overflowing. Mayor Mosfatt presided, and several of the ministers of the town took part in the gathering. The Adjutant, in happy and informative vein, brought vividily before her audience the scenes of her seven years' work in the London Slums, and the appreciation of the congregation was shown in their wrapt attention. Several voiced their support for such work, and the call came to many once again to be up and doing for the uplifting of humanity.

We are believing for great times in We are believing for great times in Kamloops during the winter months, and are also praying. One seeker was registered within the last two weeks. Hallelujah!—C.C.

Centenary Call Campaign

Our Motto: "ON TO VICTORY!"

Promotion to Glory Bandsman Bauer of Vancouver II

(Adjutant and Mrs. Sharp).

Sunday, August 25, our forces were led by Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. McLean, A pleasing feature of the Holiness Meeting was the number of testimonies given by the Soldiers. To Colonel's address was most helpful and clear. Deputy-Bandmaster and Mrs. Raticific from Edmonton were visitors at the afternoon Free-and-Easy. The night Macting took the

Meeting took the form of a Mem-orial Service for our beloved com-rade, Brother Bauer, who re-cently passed to his reward, after putting in over forty years' serv-ice for the Master. As a Bands-man and Junior Worker he was a



great help in the Corps. He was a great man for the children, and a regular attendant at Kneedrill.

Brother Shergold and Sergeant-Major Buchan spoke with no uncertain sound as to the life of our comrade, and urged other Soldiers to be faithful. The Band, under the leadership of Deputy-Band-master Ratcliffe, played, "Promoted to Glory." The Colonel, who knew our comquite intimately, referred to his faithfulness and loyalty, and after a helpful address, invited any who were con-

The Alberta Charinteers Continue Their Victorious Career

Hannah listened to the Charioteers on Saturday night, and the Chief Constable was kept busy making a clearance stable was kept busy making a clearance on the sidewalk. In hearty response to a request by the Charioteer in charge, those gathered sang well. Each of the four Salvationists spoke and received the best of attention. The Meeting was enjoyed by Charioteers and residents alike.

The following Sunday morning saw the Charioteers in the Hanna Hospital grounds playing to the inmates. Their visit was much appreciated. From there the visitors went to the United Church and treated ors went to the Onited Church and treated the young folk in the Primary Depart-ment to some cheery music and singing. Then followed a combination service when the Charioteers were again to the front. In the afternoon they accompanied the Rev. Mr. Derby to Redrose where the four took part in the Sunday thool and Church services.

The Saivationists were back in Hanna

The Salvationists were back in Hanna for the evening service in the church, where the Rev. Mr. Derby has been taking charge during the illness of Mr. Coone, the resident Minister. To a capacity crowd the four comrades played and sang, and here we may note that the singing of the congregation was of an singing of the congregation was of an exceptional quality. Candidate Gordon Taylor read the Scripture and made some helpful remarks on the same. Many voiced their delight at the efforts of the visitors. While out with "War Crys" the day previous an opportunity was afforded one of the Charioteers to speak and pray with a sick man. This was very nuch appreciated by both.

At Craigmyle on the Monday many of those standing around the Chariot were Christians, and joined in the singing of old favorites with vim. Here the children were curick to nick up new

children were quick to pick up new

choruses.

Many Old Country harvesters enjoyed
the singing and music at Delia. The
speaking was also listened to attentively.

After the Meeting the town constable
treated the Salvationists to coffee and
sandwiches in the restaurant. sandwiches in the restaurant.

At Munson the four were agreeably surprised to see many of the Drumheller Bandsmen ready for action. With them was Adjutant Reader, and you may be sure the Charioteers appreciated the help f these comrades.

Rosedale saw the Charioteers again in

Some five hundred of the towns folk of action the following night. Many miners lamnah listened to the Charioteers were around the Open-Air, and heard naturday night, and the Chief Con- the Gospel message. They were interable was kept busy making a clearance ested as each comrade told of the power of God in their individual lives.

Adjutant Reader, Captain McDowell and the Drumbeller Band accompanied and the Drumheller Band accompanied the Chariot to Wayne, where a rousing Open-Air was held in this mining centre. The young folks were taught a new chorus, and sang it well. The playing of the Band was appreciated, and the testimonies brought much blessing.

The blessing of God has continued to upon the efforts put forth by the Charioteers, and they are looking forward to still greater victories during the re-mainder of their trip.—A.K.A.

Drumbeller Visited Monster Eventide Crowd

The long-looked-for visit of the Alberta Charioteers to this Corps was a fine success. On Saturday night Lieutenant Mumford was in charge, when a splendid Meeting resulted. A large crowd gathered for the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting, when Captain morning Holiness Meeting, when Captain Demonstrates the Memory of the Captain Captai morning Holiness Meeting, when Captain Bamsey took the preliminaries, Lieut. Allan led some red-hot testimonies, and Candidate Taylor (the fourth Charioteer, and a Soldier of Drumheller) gave the address. Before the Meeting closed three adults were found at the Penitent-Form.

We had already rejoiced over two seekers during the week.

On account of the infantile paralysis ban, a Musical Festival was held in place of the regular Company Meetings, when the Charioteers took a prominent part.

the Charloteers took a prominent part.
At night the Meeting took the form of a
Memorial Service for the late Commissioner Eadle, when several comrades
spoke earnestly on his life and works.
Captain Bamsey and Lieutenant Allan
sang, "Some day the silver cord will
break." The Captain then gave an inbreak." The Captain then gave an in-teresting message. Lieutenant Allan had charge of the monster Eventide Open-Air, when crowds gathered, and were touched by the spirit of the Salvationists. Drumheller Salvationists and friends have been blessed with the visit, and are looking forward already to next year's visit!

—C.C.G.F.T.

Moose law Band Musical Events at Assinibola

The recent visit of the Moose Jaw Band was a decided success. Ensign Ede was in charge of the Open-Air on Saturday evening, and then, under the leadership of Bandmaster Probert the Band gave a splendid Festival in the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday morning the Band visited the hospital and the singing and music brought joy and gladness to many inmates, and members of the Staff. The Ensign re-ceived the Ensign and congratulated him,

ceived the Ensign and congratulated him, and also the Band. Afterwards the Band held an Open-Air, and then went on to Verwood, the next place on the itinerary. In the evening the Meeting was taken by Brother T. Rauson, who gave an inspiring address. One man repented of his sins, and many others were blessed and encouraged. Sister Pottes took part, and her words were of much help. We heard in this Meeting that one inmate of the bospital had been very much helped by the prayer of Captain Steele, in the morning, and had been encouraged to take a firmer hold on God.—A.S.M.

ful address, invited any who were convicted to surrender to God. We finished upf with two souls at the Mercy-Seat. Let a draw the mercy seat. Let a draw the mose Jaw Band; see next week.

Revival Fire at The Pas Twenty Years Away from a Place of Worship

Twenty Years Away from a Place of Worship
The Revival Fire is still burning,
and God is saving souls. Last Sunday night, the Lieutenant, who was
leading the Meeting, spoke very clearly
and convincingly, and one dear brother
rolunteered for restoration at the commencement of the Prayer-Meeting. Then,
just as the closing song was announced
a sister came to the Penitent-Form, soon
to he followed by her husband. They both
testified that they had found Christ.
The woman had not heen in a place of
worship for twenty years, but began to
come to The Army during the stay of our
last Officers. She did not understand
the way of Salvation, but we have been
praying for her, and on Sunday night she
and her husband came to the Meeting
with the express purpose of giving themselves to Christ.—E.F.J.

Red Deer (Captain Johnsrude and Lieutenant Battrick). God is very near us here, and His Spirit is felt in our Meetings, here, and His Spirit is left in our infectings, we had Captain and Mrs. Blue with us their Open-Air activities have be a greatly for the weekend; they are furloughing bere, as is Lieutenant Hill. The Sunday night Meeting was an uplifting time for us all, and one man promised to think session. Thus St. James is a gain about his soul's Salvation. We pray that represented in the Training and Hill. about his soul's Salvation. Whe may soon be saved.—R.M.

"Over the Line" St. James Band in U.S.A.

Labor Day weekend has all sack Leen the occasion for a special tracfor the St. James Band, but this year has been exceptionally good, more ground being covered, and, we keel, more wood done than in previous years. Startificated on Saturday afternoon we arrived at Hallock. U.S.A. in time for supper, and where we had a fine reception. The Festival in the Bandstand was much appropriated, and we felt it to be a good beginning for our

Sunday morning a few Bandsmen stayed at Hallock to conduct the service stayed at Hallock to conduct the service there, while the remainder journeyed to Stephen, where a large concretation greeted us on our arrival at the church. We were back to Hallock in time for dinner, and left there for Pembiaa in the dinner, and left there for Pembana in the afternoon, where another enthusiastic crowd appreciated our efforts, among which were "Advance" March "Wonder-ful" Selection, and a cornet solo, "Silver Threads," by Bandmaster (Captain-Watt, We arrived at Einerson in time for

We arrived at Emerson in time for supper, and then went to the United Church for the service. The crowd was great, and many would-be listeners out of the many would be listeners of the gramme outside after the service. Monday was a busy day, six towns being visited. The mornine found as on our way to Neche in the States, and then came back into Canada to visit Altona, Letellier, St. Jean and Morris, at which places the Leadies. Mal dwomen's Institute provided a bountiful

Centenary Call Campaign

The Editor has yet to hear what some Corps are doing.

repast. The Festival given here in the repast. The Pestival given here in the evening concluded our efforts, and as we turned homewards we felt that we had really taken hold of a God-, iven opportunity

In addition to our Corps Officer, Ensign In addition to our Corps Oncer, Lusgin Pugelsang, we were glad to lawe with us Bandmaster Hitchon of Fort Rome, and Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Sister Mary Irwin who did good sevece. We must also say very many thanks to the ministers and friends of the place's visited, who accorded us warm welcome, and made us feel very much at home,—Wit.

Promotions and Arrivals at St. James

(Ensign and Mrs. Functions)

We are glad to report process in our Corps during the last modile or so, for which we praise God; the immedaburden of the Corps has less creatly lightened, this due to the matring offers of our Officer and the corps. efforts of our Officers and the contraction of the Corps Cadets, Band and Soldiers in general.

in ceneral.

While death has robbed to a very valuable Soldier, others have to fill her place. This weekend to confident the Corps, Bandsman and Sister Hill and their son, from the rough I Corps, and Bandsman has black. The latter helps his brother as trompone section; while Bandsman plays the monster bass; we gladly was not these comrades. comrades.

The Band, under the lear relip of Captain Watt, has complete several successful trips during the summer, and their Open-Air activities have be agreedy

"He is not dead,

A Few That Are Worthy

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ANY things had nappened in Sardh since Captain Allan Bristow and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corne to take charge of The Salvation Army Corne to them in great trouble. They had believe the cone to them in great trouble. They had believe the cone to them in great trouble. They had believe the cone to them in great trouble. They had believe the cone to them in great trouble. They had believe the cone to the cone to the cone to the cone of the cone

CHAPTER XVI Suspense

DANNY! It's Danny!" Officer O'Donnell repeated almost automatically as he stood swaying over the prostrate form on the snowy street. He was stunned by the swift tragedy of it all. Ensign Bristow ran to where the griefstricken man was dazedly trying to under-stand what had happened, and as he drew near he heard the father repeating again as though trying to bring himself again as though trying to bring himself to a realization of what had happened. "It's Danny! O God! That I had died before ever I saw this day!" The Ensign knelt in the snow beside the fallen man and began to search for some cyidence of life. He thrust an exploring hand under the garments that covered his chest. To his intense relief he felt the steady throbbing of the man's heart. "Hot's only stumed!"

"He's not dead; he's only stunned!" he said, but the big man to whom he he said, but the big man to whom he spoke was too bewildered to grasp the import of his words. The terrible thought that he had slain his own son had got too irm a hold on his consciousness for him to realize anything else. Without under-standing the Ensign's heartening words he still kept voicing his grief at that which lead taken gives. had taken place.

A Tragedy in Their Midst

It had all happened so suddenly, and almost without warning, and it was some lattle time before it began to dawn on the consciousness of the gay crowds of shoppers who passed that a tragedy had just taken place in their midst. The shoppers who passed that a tragedy had just taken place in their midst. The swedling automobile had disappeared around a corner, its occupants having leartlessly deserted their fallen concade. In the babel of sounds of the merry-making crowd that was passing at the time not many had heard the sund of the shot from Officer O'Donnell's gun, and fewer yet had seen the fall of the fleeing man, and so it was a moment or two ere they began to grasp the facts of that which had taken place in their ridst. But when the people heard the sticken cry of the big policeman and saw prostrate man lying in the snow they sed that something out of the ordinary happened.

He is not dead; he is only unconscious," grated the Ensign. "Get an ambulance rated the Ensign.

omeone sent in a call for an ambulance, almost at once a man pressed his way ugh the crowd to the side of the fallen a, and announcing that he was a Jor, began to make an examination. found that the bullet had struck the on man in the left shoulder, and gave opinion that no vital organ had been thed, but this could only be determined the contribute with a proper thorough certainty by a more thorough

ofter a time it seeped through Officer O'Donnell's stunned sensibilities that

Danny was not dead, and he dropped down beside the unconscious form and implored him to speak to him. "It's me, Danny," he pleaded piteously, "it's me. Speak to me, an' tell me you're not dead! Open your eyes, Danny; it's me, your father speakin' to you!" He was still pleading with the unconscious man when the ambulance came.

man when the ambulance came.

At the hospital Danny was taken into an operating room. With him went the doctor, who had made himself known upon the street, with an interne from the hospital and two nurses. The door of the room was then closed and the dragging minutes that followed were unending and filled with agony for the big policeman, who waited for the verdict that would come from that closed room.

The Ensign kept the unhappy man company, and did all that lay in his power to ease the minutes of dread and waiting. O'Donnell could not remain still in any one place. He alternately paced the floor in the waiting room, and from there to the long-deserted corridors. He was almost beside himself with grief and anxiety.

"To think that after all the waitin' an' longin', the hopin' an' lookin' for Danny that he should come home at last like this!" He said to the Ensign in a like this!" He said to the Ensign in a burst of grief, "Twould be bad enough any way you take it, but to think it was my own hand that shot him down is almost more than I can bear. O Danny!
O Danny! Why did you ever do it?
Would God myself had died before ever
I saw this day! What would she think
if she could see us now? Her Danny a
thief, an' shot down by his own father's
hand! Oh, 'tis a sorrowful, sorrowful

The Sweat of His Agony

The big man's brow was wet with the sweat of his agony, and as he paced rest-lessly he could not keep back the groans of anguish that throbbed out through his clenched teeth. As the weary minutes slowly passed and the door to that room slowly passed and the door to that room remained closed his restlessness grew and his agony mounted. The Ensign realized that he was near the breaking point. And ever as he restlessly paced about he would break forth and voice his grief and self-reproach. "O Danny!" he groaned, his stony face uplifted, the eyes dry and feverish. "My Danny at hief! And mayhap the hand of his own father has sent him unprepared to meet his Maker! O God! It's more than I can stand! I can't stand it, I can't! O Lord. Thou knowest I'd! I can't! O Lord, Thou knowest I'd gladly give my life if I could only wake and find it all a hideous nightmare!" And in his agonizing grief he broke into passionate prayer. "O Lord, God, have And in his agonizing grief he broke into passionate prayer. "O Lord, God, have mercy! Pity me, Lord, pity me! Spare me his life! Don't let him go in his sin! O God, in Thy great mercy don't but this crimson stain on my hands! Spare him, Lord, spare him, and show me Thy great mercy!" Ensign Bristow realized how very little he could say or do to ease the terrible burden that was like to crush the big man. With all his heart to crush the big man. With all his hearthe longed to do or say something that would help, but he knew that he could only enter the outer shadows of the awful Gethsemane through which the older man was passing. The bitter wine of this press could only be trodden out alone.

he is only uncon-scious!" THE PARTY OF THE P It was after midnight when at last the

door to that fateful room was opened, and the doctor who had at the first taken charge of the case came out to them. Officer O'Donnell searched his face piteonsly. The doctor, noting his great anxiety, smiled reassuringly, "Everything is all right," he said kindly, "We have found and extracted the bullet, and expect that everything will be all right from now on.

from now on."

While he had been speaking, Officer O'Donnell had sagged down into a chair. As he grasped the import of the hopeful words he howed himself down and all the barriers he had held upon himself gave way. His stony grief melted into the healing tears of relief, and unashamedly he sobbed out his great thanksgiving. Thank God! Danny was spared!

"Could Lea him now?" He asked.

"Could I see him now?" He asked tremulously after a while, partial grip on his feelings.

rital grip on ms seemings.

"Not now," smiled the doctor, "he is reconscious. He has not yet come from seder the effects of the anesthetic. You unconscious. He has not yet come from under the effects of the anesthetic. You will not be able to see him till morning. You had better go home now and get a good night's sleep; you look as though you need it." need it.

White Silence and Brooding Peace

Outside they found the storm had assed away. The wind had swept the Outside they found the storm had passed away. The wind had swept the sky clear of clouds, but now even the sky clear of clouds, but now even the wind had gone to sleep, and a great white silence and brooding peace had locked the weary world in sleep. A full bright moon rode high in the sky and flooded all the world with a soft white radiance, laying heavy black shadows across the even reaches of newly fallen snow, It was turning colder, and under the corner lights the snow sparkled with tiny diamond points of light.

Ensign Rivistow went all the way home.

Ensign Bristow went all the way home with Officer O'Donnell, though most of with Officer O Donnell, though most of the walk was in silence. Though the sharpest pangs of the burden had been eased by the doctor's words, yet the big man was still much shaken. He was almost pitful in his thankfulness that Danny's life was spared. As the Ensign took his hand in parting he breathed something of this gratitude to him.

something of this gratitude to him.

Afterward, as the Ensign continued homeward alone over the fallen snow, with the Christmas moon riding high above him, he thought of another Christmas, when in the solemn midnight that shone over the little town of Bethlehem the Lord of life and love had laid aside the riches of His glory and had come to the poverty of a stable and a manger. He had been born, and lived and died

to free men from sin and the sorrow that is born of sin. With a sigh of weariness is born of sin. With a sigh of weariness he realized that in spite of it all men con-tinued to sin. And sin brought in its somhre train sorrow and suffering. And the innocent were drawn into the aftermath of sorrow and suffering along with those who did the sinning. Thus are lives irrevocably wrapped up together. Truly no man liveth to himself alone.

Truly no man liveth to himself alone. He could not free himself from the memory of the big policeman's sorrow and the shadow of that grief walked with him through the silence. From the clear sky, remote, yet seeming strangely near, the moon and stars looked down serenely upon the snowy world. Upon how much unavailing sorrow and suffering that moon and those stars had looked down on through all the years that were gone. In his ears again range the hitter gries of the through all the years that were gone. In his ears again rang the hitter cries of the stricken father, "O Danny! Danny, why did you ever do it? O God! Why didn't I die before ever I saw this day?" And from the distant stars, and from the silence of the night he seemed to hear the exhaust growther critical states. sience of the night he seemed to hear the echo of another cry, coming from the long ago, but bitter with the grief of a father's breaking heart. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And mingled with it the cry of all fathers through all ages who had been made to drink of the bitter cup of sorrow through the wayward-ness and sin of uncounted Absaloms and

His wife had been told of what had happened on the street, and he found her still up and waiting for him when he wearily mounted the stairs to the Quarters. The wide and tender eyes that searched his face found there the marks left by the anxious and sorrow-laden hours through which he had passed. So sad was his anxious and sorrow-later hours through which he had passed. So sad was his look from the train of thought that had possessed him on his homeward way that she thought the worst had happened.

"Is he Dead?" she Faltered "Is he dead?" she faltered, her own face

growing white.
"No," he reassured her, "he will live,
But what a homecoming! Poor O'Donnell. He is heart-broken.
better it would have been if Danny had never come at all rather than to have come as he has! And now that he is here.

never come at all rather than to have come as he has! And now that he is here. I wonder what it is going to mean? How good God is to keep from our knowledge the tale that each tomorrow will have to tell! Truly sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Come, dear, it is very late. You should be in bed."

But when he himself was in bed he could not sleep. He was too tired. His weary mind was too active to rest. He thought of many things. Of Danny's The could not sleep, he was too tired. His sharp was and pain in the hospital. Of Danny's father battling through the darkness with pain of another sort that would not let him steep. Of many others. Of Will Coulter, tempted and tried. Of Helen Ormond, back once more in her father's house. Of little Alan. What would life hold for the little fellow? And his mind wearily alert, brought many others to his attention. He seemed tu feel a responsibility for them all, he bore their griefs and shared their weaknesses, and as he vainly sought for rest and forgetfulness in kindly sleep, it all made him feel that life was terrible in its hardness.

The Centenary Call Campaign

If the folks at your Corps are not concerned about the Campaign and nothing appears to be stirring, why not get a move-on yourself? There is plenty for you to do. Ask the Officer for a few "War Crys" to sell, and that may prove a very useful reminder.

No. 38

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1928

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Bnquiry" One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In ease of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (35.09) extra.

1801—Samuel Gibson. Age 40, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller. 2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner. Formerly of Montreal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1907.
2190—Roy Harrington. Age about 60, fair complexion, grows a mustache and is hald, height 6 ft. 3 in. Generally works as foreman in lumber of the complexion, grows a mustache and is hald, height 6 ft. 3 in. Generally works as foreman in lumber 2194—Lamba and Fater for the complexion. 2194—James and Fater for the complexion of the complex o

orguirte. Rev. weaks glasses. within a misdowly propuler and the propulation of Patrick MeBride, height 6 fc. sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, and always carried two gold lined match boxes which bore his home address: 54 Blackstone St., Woonsocket, 2120—Thomas Arthur Northey. Age 31, height 5 ft. 10½ ins., dark bair, light brown eyes, dark complexion, horn in Fenelon Falls, Ont. Missing since August 11th, 1927. Last known nother anxious to hear from him. 2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish, 2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish, 2407—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish, 2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish, 2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Sat head from in Winnipes. Parents very anxious for in Winnipes.

from in Winnipeg. Parents very anxious for information.

2151—William C. Perrin. Last known ad2151—William C. Perrin. Last known ad2161—William C. Perrin. Last known address.

2168—Josef Thorensen. Last known address.

2169—James Hughes. Age 24, height 5 ft.
0 ins., fair hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion.

2161—James Hughes. Age 24, height 5 ft.
0 ins., fair hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion.

2161—James Hughes. Age 28, height 5 ft.
1 ins., to hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion.

21213—Charler's A. Barber. Age 29, height
1 it. 4 in., weight 140 lbs., dark brown hair and
hazel eyes. Laborer, mother enquiring.

2189—Alexander Dobbins. Age 55, 5 ft. 8 in.,
john Dunsmore, Russell, Man. Information sought
y sister in Scotland.

2181—Walter Hardy.

2183—Walter Hardy.
2183—Christian Nielson, Native of Roskilde,
whereabouts.

the control of the co

hassing five years. Grandmother anxiously en-graphy of the property of the property of the first fit. 3 in, fair bair, grey eyes, fair complexium, from Calledy and the first first

- Annual -**Territorial Congress**

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH



Colonel Mary Booth

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

WILL CONDUCT THE

WINNIPEG CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 12th to 16th -0

Friday, Oct. 12th **Grace Church**

A Pageant of Merciful Adventure

Sunday, Oct. 14th Capitol Theatre

A Day of Salvation

Monday, Oct.15th **Grace Church**

The Congress Festival

(FURTHER DETAILS NEXT WEEK)

- AND -

Vancouver Congress from Oct. 19 to 23

Salvation | Soilas Tune: "Melita" or "Eat ""

If Spring doth wake the song or mirth, If Summer warms the fruitful condi-If summer warms the fruttul coming. When Winter sweeps the naked redu. Or Autumn yields its ripened grain, Still do we sing. To Thee, our King.

And unto Thee glad tributes large.

But chiefly when Thy liberal has a Suctions were first in the first hand when sounds of music fill the air. As homeward all their treasures bear; We too will raise, Our hymn of praise, To Thee Whose bounties fill our days.

Lord of the Harvest! All is Thine! The rains that fall, the suns that shine, The seed once hidden in the ground, The skill that makes our fruit abound;

New every year
Thy gifts appear,
New joys, new blessings everywhere.

Tune: "Over Jordan"

Tune: "Over Jordan"
Who, when sunk in deep despair,
Did His liberty declare,
Welcomed me His home to share?
It was Jesus,
Who, when in the darkest night,
Shed around me beams of light.
Healed my blindness, gave me sight? It was Jesus.

Chorus:

Chorus:
It was Jesus! It was Jesus!
Gave me joy where once was woe,
Healed my soul and bade me go,
It was Jesus! It was Jesus!
Bondage never more to know;
It was Jesus!

Who when I His blood had spurned Yet to me His face still turned. And for my salvation yearned? It was Jesus! Who beheld my anxious tear, Came my saddened heart to cheer; Whispered mercy in my ear? It was Jesus!

Who, mid all my toil and care. Helps me every grief to bear. Keeps me happy everywhere? It is Jesus! Who, when darkness gathers round,

Ever near me may be found, Shedding glory all around? It is Jesus!

Tune: "Down where the living

waters flow"
Glory to God for Harvest Home;
Glory to God for labors done;
His sunshine and His rain
Have done their work again;
Glory to God for Harvest Home.

1924—Henry Grellot, French Canadon, and 39, medium height, slight build, dark 1st, dark seys, dark complexion, station engine of carpenter; last heard from at Port Arton, Oat, Detailed himp on right side.

200—Turbies Dondey, Jewsh, average of the station of th

23.

Last known address Winnipeg. Fore (cook).
2207—Elvira Johanne Eriksen, average height, blonde hair, blue heard from at Saskatoon, Sask. Here is very anxious.

THE COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

Assisted by THE TRAINING PRINCIPAL AND GARRISON STAFF will conduct

The Welcome to the Cadets of the Centenary Session

WINNIPEG CITADEL, on SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd (11 a.m., 3 & 7 p.m.)